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THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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"RICE"

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE EASTER MIRROR.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THIS PAPER WILL BE THE EASTER NUMBER. The issue will be clad in a special cover lithographed from a painting by F. L. Stoddard.

The publication will contain nearly three times the number of pages in the regular issue.

A great many famous, brilliant contributors will be represented in the table of contents, the general tone of the articles being such as to accord with the atmosphere and sentiment of the spring season.

The price of next week's issue, on the streets and at the news-stands, will be 10 cents per copy.

Regular subscribers will receive the paper without extra charge.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: The Boodle Cases—World's Fair Moguls—The Farmers' Famine—Boer Barbarity—White Politics—Irrigation and Navigation	1-3
THE CRISIS: By John H. Raftery	3
'POSSUM POLICY DEMOCRATS: By W. M. R	3-4
GREY TWILIGHT: Poem. By Arthur Symons	4
EDITH WHARTON: By George French	4-5
GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU: By Asbestos	5
CUTTING LOOSE FROM WALL STREET: By Francis A. House	5-6
AN AMERICAN RADICAL: By Carlyle Spencer	6-7
PIETY AND PERFORMANCE: By John H. Raftery	7
HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS: Poem. By Richard Watson Gilder	8
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN: By William Trowbridge Larned	8
A MUTUAL AFFAIR: By Bessie L. Russell	8
THE BIRTH OF A WORLD: By Francis Legge	8-9
MRS. ASTOR ON GENTLEMEN: By Lewis B. Ely	10
MR. FRANCIS AND THE FAIR	10
SOCIETY	11
AT THE OPERA	11
A VISIT TO A NOVEL FACTORY	11
THE WILLIE HUGHES THEORY: By S. O. Howes	12-13
MUSIC: Paderewski, Financier—The Castle Square—Thomas Concerts—A Nordica Recital—The Union Musical Club Concert—Sousa—Creatore	14-15
OUR TROPICAL TRADE	16
HER ONLY WITNESS	17
REPRINTED BY REQUEST: Each in His Own Name—Father O'Shea and Father McRea	18
THE FAMINE IN STEEL	19
THE STOCK MARKET	20-21
A LENTEN SOLOQUY	22
DECOLLETAGE	22
COMING ATTRACTIONS	24

THE PRESIDENT.

SO many letters have been received by the editor of the MIRROR from persons who read his address to the Knights of St. Patrick in response to the toast "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES," he has concluded to make those remarks the subject of the next issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS. The Republic's excellent report of the address was not exactly what was said, for the speaker in actual delivery made changes inspired by the occasion. The demand for the address in convenient form is the only excuse for the issuance of the production. The MIRROR PAMPHLET to succeed the one upon "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES" will deal, as has been announced before in this place, with "FRANCOIS RABELAIS."

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news-stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

REFLECTIONS.

The Boodle Cases

AN indicted boodler has fled from trial in this city, forfeiting a trifling bond. It is believed that the fugitive, Mr. J. K. Murrell, has been paid to disappear, as his trial would involve public exposure of some of the "reputable" gentlemen who turned State's evidence against him. It is said that Murrell received as much money to go away as he would have obtained as his share of \$65,000 that was deposited for him in a safe deposit box by those seeking an extension of franchise for the Suburban Railway. Of course, Murrell's flight is equivalent to confession, but what is needed is conviction of some of the boodling rascals. The MIRROR ventures to think that the Judge who placed Murrell's bond at such a low figure as \$5,000 is not wholly blameless for Murrell's escape. The MIRROR believes that small bonds in such cases are apt to lead to the defeat of the ends of justice. The MIRROR believes, too, that the indictment of Col. Edward Butler, on charges that are admitted to be difficult of technical substantiation and that are plausibly explainable by the accused boss, is not for the good of the cause. The chances for Col. Butler's acquittal are so many and so good that it seems he is simply put in a position from which he is almost certain to emerge with a "vindication" which will strengthen him with the elements that may desire his services in the future. The placing of Col. Butler on trial for what may be considered a petty offense, and that offense very difficult of legal establishment, has the effect of a flash in the pan, when we remember the Colonel's interviews in which he declared, in effect, that he knew the trick of securing franchises and it never failed. Col. Butler, the "big gun" in securing franchises, is indicted for trying to make a "present" to city officials in connection with the garbage contract. There is no absolute denial by Col. Butler on record and good lawyers declare that if he meets the charges with an acknowledgment that he was prompted to generosity by gratitude to those who had favored his measure, it will be impossible to convict him. If Colonel Butler is to be acquitted, as seems highly probable, the chances for the conviction of every other man indicted upon better evidence are diminished to nothing. The Colonel cannot be tried upon his published interviews, and he cannot be convicted upon public passion and prejudice. He is entitled to every advantage and consideration that the law allows to any defendant just, the same as if he were not a millionaire and were not publicly believed to have been the go-between of the franchise-seekers and the franchise-gran-

tors. Unless there be much stronger evidence than adduced thus far, the doughty boss will probably be strengthened in his peculiar position by the outcome of a trial for an "attempt" to bribe. Col. Butler more effectively damaged himself by his newspaper interviews than he can be damaged by an indictment upon which conviction cannot be had. His acquittal will fully justify his remarks that he alone knew the franchise game. After convicting himself a legal acquittal will increase his political and legislative power. It he could not have been indicted for something clean-cut and convincing, he should not have been indicted for an offense of a minor character and to which he can oppose explanations that will make a jury hesitate at conviction. Col. Butler was down and out on the strength of his interviews. He will be resuscitated by a triumph. In view of the peculiar conditions now prevailing it were better that Col. Butler should not have been indicted at all, than that he should have been accused of something of minor importance compared with the offenses alleged against humbler individuals. The case against Col. Butler may be good enough to satisfy the public that his "presents" were bribes disguised, but it does not seem to be good for anything else except it be that it may enable him to secure a victory over the prosecution by showing the impossibility of establishing his actual guilt. That Col. Butler should be convicted on general principles, or because of his general reputation, is a contention not permissible. He is not guilty until so proved, and when the technical proof is so patently missing the indictment should not have been found. This making of the weakest case against the strongest man was a tactical error in the war against boodle, and the MIRROR believes the eventuation of the matter will prove the soundness of this position. This community wants boodlers convicted. They should be indicted to be convicted, not acquitted. If boodlers with good cases against them are released on small bonds that they may easily forfeit, and others are put on trial with only slight charges against them, what chance is their for a vindication of the law and the satisfaction of outraged public sentiment?

World's Fair Moguls

It is about time that the announcement of the postponement of the World's Fair should be made. A great many national organizations have been induced to locate their conventions here next year on the theory that the World's Fair will be held at the time announced. Those organizations should be given an opportunity to change the location in order that they may later have a chance to hold their conventions here when the Fair shall be held in 1904 or 1905. The World's Fair simply cannot be held on time. A look at the grounds to-day proves it. A close study of the progress of the work in the Board of Directors meetings and the committees meeting proves that the Fair cannot be held on time. The delay of State legislatures in appropriating money for State exhibits further establishes the fact. The longer postponement is postponed, the worse the result will be to the Fair and to the city. The World's Fair magnates appear to be playing this community and the rest of the country for fools. The magnates are feeding the public upon a lot of flimsy stuff about the Fair, but they don't meet the question whether the Fair will be held fourteen months from now or two years from now. The men at the very head of the Fair movement are a Star Chamber crowd. They don't even vouchsafe information to regularly elected Directors. They ignore, shelve and pigeon-hole committee reports. The Executive Committee seems to think its chief duty is to sit down hard upon everybody who wants to know, upon every minor committee that wants to do anything.

The Farmers' Famine

THE humiliating hardships of Southwest Missouri and Northern Arkansas farmers, who have been compelled to accept gifts of food and money from the cities, will more than recompense the suffering agriculturists if they but learn the lesson which the general drouth of last year should teach them. In a region unprepared for irrigation, no human foresight can forestall the destruction incident to a season of withering weather, but there is a system of husbandry which will not only circumvent the dry blight of rainless days, but during times of depressed markets, low prices and oversupply, enable the wise husbandman to keep his balance on the right side of the profit and loss column. Perhaps the farmer of Missouri and of Arkansas needed some such experience to demonstrate the salutary lesson that the ultimate Southern States, the cotton-belt, had dinned into them by successive years of "cheap cotton." The remedy is not a new one, but it is the first time that the rich counties of Missouri and Arkansas have suffered an acute attack of drouth. "Diversified farming" has become a part of the creed of the Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas ranchman, though it has required years of disappointment and suffering to destroy the narrow traditions which he brought from the Eastern and Southern States, and to force him at last into shrewd and successful combat with the climatic rigors of his environment. Former Secretary Wilson described that section of the West which lies between the Nebraska State line and Rio Grande river as a "semi-arid country." It is not irrigated, it is the home of the "dry spell" and it is yet handicapped with its early evil reputation. Last year's drouth struck it a staggerer, but its farming population not only survived the blow, but actually scored goodly profits on their crops. Corn was short, but they had Kaffir corn, sorghum, alfalfa and cotton. These feed products will grow anywhere, and for the large raiser of wheat and corn they are anchors to windward which will enable him to ride safely the storm of demoralized markets and drouth failures. Cotton, for instance, though suffering from last year's lack of rain, brought so good a price that it paid the raiser. The meal of its seed enabled the owners of cattle to hold on to their feeders and fatten their young stock when the grass was burned up and the corn gone. The farmer who did not diversify was not only compelled to let go of poor conditioned live stock, but having failed with his two staples, corn and wheat, he had nothing left to tide himself and his family over the winter. The moral of it all is that in future, drouth or no drouth, the agriculturist who, like every other dealer in marketable products, cannot forecast the markets, must insure against scarcity and depression in one or two "specialties" by supplementing them with other crops that must prove both a safeguard and a source of profit. Subordinate lines of specialties have carried many a merchant through a season when staples were at a discount and, in the end, it is the application of business methods to the farm that must protect the intelligent, modern farmer from precarious whims of weather and speculator.

Boer Barbarity

IT is a grim satire on the boasted generosity of the Anglo-Saxon man of deeds that in all the meager dispatches that have come from Kitchener, from the War Offices and from the British newspapers there is not a word of recognition, comment or appreciation for the magnanimity which prompted Gen. Delarey to release without parole or exchange the distinguished foeman who fell into his hands in the person of the eccentric Methuen. It was an opportunity for reprisal which certainly no one would have expected the iron-jawed Lord of Sirdar to overlook. Guided only by the censored and doctored utterances of the London cable office, not even the most ardent pro-Britisher would have supposed that the half-civilized Afrikaner could have displayed such magnanimity. Events have shown that the warriors of the Vaal, in strategy, in endurance, in patience, in ordinary intelligence,

in patriotism and in self-sacrifice have been more than a match for the hordes of invaders who outnumber but cannot terrify them. We have read in the dispatches of the brutality, the lurking stealth, the unsatisfactory "evasiveness" of the Boer who will not "fight in the open." These for some may have justified the proclaimed severity of Lord Kitchener, but the argument is not sustained by the latest development of this most extraordinary war. In extenuation of Methuen's short-comings we have been told that he is a bit "daffy." If so, Delarey is a generous foe to send him home for that treatment which the Boers, at least, seem to have neither need nor opportunity. But whether prompted by motives of humanity or patriotic diplomacy, the release of Methuen seems to be a stroke even better for the cause of Boer freedom than the capture of Lord Methuen or any of the previous brilliant victories of the burghers. It gives the lie direct to the headquarters' hints of South African barbarity. That was the one count upon which hinged the sympathy of all Christendom. It is swept aside by the bald military exigency which required Sirdar Kitchener to tell the truth of Methuen's release and yet released him from telling the whole truth which made that remarkable occurrence a possibility. That the conduct of the war in South Africa is to be kept a dark secret from the world, is evidenced by the fact that even the dispatches of the trusted correspondents of the London papers are suppressed. What we know and are to know about it must come henceforth from Kitchener, who, with all his power of censorship and suppression, has not been able to conceal the fact that the farmer of the veldt is not only smarter, tougher and more audacious than himself and all his generals, but that the civilizing gentleness of the modern victor is not unknown to the bearded patriot of the Boer army.

White Politics

THE two great political parties, as differentiated in the Southern states, are not Democratic and Republican. They are anti-negro and pro-negro. The Solid South has been solid because the majority has been entrenched by tradition and experience against the blacks. While the Democracy of the North and West has been skirmishing for an issue, the South has lolled in an easy chair and cried "Let her go, Gallagher, we have a permanent kick coming no matter what the platform is." How to eliminate the race problem from party politics in the South without estranging the black man and without disorganizing the white managers, has been a nut too tough even for the cracking generalship of Mark Hanna. The race question aside, the Solid South is no longer solid. Indeed, by nature and ambition, socially, commercially and mentally, the intelligent Southerner is more of a Republican than a Democrat. At this period of doubt and speculation among platform makers and political forecasters, President Roosevelt, with no apparent motive other than to do the square thing without fear or favor, has, or seems to have, turned a political trick that no campaign tactician and no patronage dispenser of his party could have equalled. When he broke bread with Booker T. Washington at the White House dinner-table, near-sighted Republicans and amateur Democrats were dismayed or delighted according to their divergent beliefs that he had weakened one or strengthened the other of the two parties in the South. That incident not only lost its political significance on account of Washington's strictly educational importance, but reacted in favor of Roosevelt when the consequences became apparent in the appointment of White Democrats endorsed by the non-partisan negro. The party bosses of the South are much like the party bosses elsewhere. They don't care anything about the social proclivities of the man in the White House so long as the political swag goes to one of their color and party. The Washington incident pleased and enlisted the racial pride of every negro in the country. It disarmed Democratic wrath and invective by its result. It was an act which, while seeming to recognize the human equality of a "coon," eschewed the idea that he had any

political prestige on account of his color. The political neophyte, whose politics are usually sentimental, has already forgotten or forgiven the incident. The professional politician who has no sentiment and never forgets, in this case remembers the affair with gratitude in one party and with satisfaction in the other because, the negro being the issue, the chief at Washington, by an act of frank courtesy and dutiful inquiry, made all negroes his friends even while awarding a prize to the foe of "black dominance." Later President Roosevelt, in selecting appointees from applicants white or black, has gracefully shelved negroes for the adequate but unprecedented reason that their appointment would be unwelcome to the majority of citizens of both parties. Not even a partisan bigot can sanely object to the Republican argument that the will of the majority must be the final measure of adjustment for all questions. Without disparaging negro applicants, Roosevelt then, by the very simplicity of his decisions, by the very ingenuousness of his methods, has in the two instances recited, ignored and specifically eliminated the negro question from the political situation of the South. The federal appointment of negroes in the lower and gulf States, has always been the thorn in the side of the Southern voter. In the hope of defeating such distribution he has voted for Democratic nominees with whose theories and tenets he had neither sympathy nor agreement. Verily it does seem that Roosevelt has forestalled the consistency of the Solid South by maneuvers that have no subtlety beyond the simple wisdom and rectitude of "treating all men white."

Irrigation and Navigation

IN view of the established scientific relations between their respective projects, it is singular that the advocates of irrigation and the extensive reclamation of arid lands and the friends of deep-water navigation from the great lakes to the gulf of Mexico, have not come together in some plan of mutual benefit. River navigators, engineers and contractors who have struggled with the seemingly simple problem of establishing a uniform channel between St. Louis and New Orleans, will tell you that the paucity of water in the late summer and dry autumn is not the salient feature of the problem which has interminably confronted and defeated them. Odd as it may seem, it is the wealth of water which rushes into the great waterways during the spring thaws and rains, which effect the destruction of navigable channels established by hard work and long periods of accurate figuring. In other words, the almost annual floods which rush into the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Arkansas and other lesser tributaries of the projected waterway, carry with them such a power of destruction, such a mass of silt, clay, sand, timber and other erosions, that it is almost impossible to resist their advance or combat their deposits. A deep-water channel, deep but comparatively narrow, could be easily maintained if the flood-water did not wash into the rivers tons of earth and forests of trees which, at the subsidence of high-water, loom in the face of the most skillful engineers in the shape of sand-bars, snags and even unexpected courses. Setting aside the incredible destruction accomplished by the periodical floods which have devastated the lower valleys, is it not apparent that the annual defeat of the best engineering skill is sufficient to prove that the waste-waters which thunder annually to tide-water are the chief enemy to deep navigable channels from the lakes to the gulf? But when it is remembered that these destructive floods, marked by waste and desolation, have come thundering through a region which is absolutely starving for water, how imminent seems the suggestion that the reclamation of arid lands is not only supplementary, but necessary to the local problem of deep-water, inland navigation. The fights which St. Louis lobbyists and friends of river improvement have fought and lost in the cause of inland appropriations would never have been lost if their demands had been reinforced by the common interests of the dweller of Eastern or Western arid regions. Is it not apparent that the same general law

The Mirror

which may compel the conversion and distribution of the aqueous yield of mountains and plateaus in the high, arid regions would lessen the unmanageable, destructive and wasteful flow of waters in the lower valley during the flood periods? "Give us a normal, constant flow of commensurate volume," say the best engineering experts of the world, "and we will fix a permanent channel from St. Paul on the Mississippi and from St. Joe on the Missouri, and we will establish a navigable channel to the tide-waters of the sea." What could better conspire to this end than a unity of interest between the advocates of irrigation, the friends of river and harbor appropriations, the exporters and the shippers of all that vast and incomparable domain which stretches almost from the Allegheny mountains to the crest of the Rockies? "Local interests" is what has always defeated all past efforts for river appropriations and for Federal provisions for irrigation. Here is the chance and now is the time for the advocates of both measures to get together. The reclamation of arid lands is imminently a question of national polity. A bill has been introduced providing for an expenditure of \$200,000 for the survey of a navigable route from Chicago to the Gulf, with the prospective corollary of an expense of \$80,000,000 in establishing such a permanent route. The two things are coordinate and supplementary.

THE CRISIS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

AN honest critic confronted with the duty of writing what he thinks about "The Crisis; a Play" would naturally begin by quarreling with the caption "a play." "A dialogue in costume" might be all right, but a play? No. Then facing the business of appreciation he would write briefly thus:

"Dialogue in costume, probably staged because it pays big to act a story which is the rage; book famous because judicious advertising has brought its sale up to eleven tons, avoidupois; acted by group of pretty marionettes assisted by two actors; unintelligible to the deaf, utterly incoherent to the blind and puzzling to those in possession of all their faculties; as seen at the Olympic, a humiliating subjection of a few talented players and one honest journeyman author to the exigencies of the box-office; a popular 'hit'."

If one could stop there, what an easy task! But to go ahead and tell "why" all this is true, is drudgery which should not be required by those who saw James K. Hackett and Charlotte Walker trying to galvanize into the semblance of life Mr. Winston Churchill's so-called dramatization of his book. The thing, inane, talkful and unconvincing as it is, would not be so annoying to the lover of the drama if, in the effort to pepper it here and there with a sprinkling of "hot stuff" the constructor had not descended to clap-trap that is not only meretricious but positively puerile. I don't believe that Mr. Churchill knew how those "hand-seeking" references to the martyred Abraham Lincoln "would sound" in a play. They are such palpable and Havlinesque bids for vulgar approval when spoken into the faces of men and women whose hearts yet yearn with loving reverence for the memory of the gentle martyr! Even the playing of "Dixie" comes like a tawdry and belated effort to hide the wires of the puppetry by "starting something."

It is quite likely that the writer put such lines and situations into his book in all honesty. There at least they have the semi-historical excuse, the advantage of atmospheric suggestion. But the crudest artistic sense is hurt by their projection from the acting stage. Unsurrounded by the correlative chapters of the book they become in the play, jerky and inconsequential as it is, raucous, discordant, impossible notes that wound the wounded. "The Crisis" would be infinitely worse than "Richard Carvel" as played by that bisque actor, John Drew, if James K. Hackett and Charlotte Walker did not

come to the rescue with their fine human artistry and their noble comeliness.

To measure this "show," that seems the fairest word for it, by any of the proved and accepted standards of the dramatist's art would be to waste time without gauging anything. Its skeleton, if it is articulate at all, is an attenuated little love-story of antique design. The argument is developed "vocally," not by the exigency of events but because the talkers have their "pieces" arranged sequentially. The rudiments of playwriting require that a play must be understandable even in pantomime; that its events suturing into essential action must proceed by logical and sequential development to a climax which is the visual as well as the vocal and spiritual event which is finally the motive, the excuse, the point of the whole argument. Even the process from climax to denouement must not be wholly or even dominantly vocal.

Of course there have been thousands of daring and delightful departures from this and indeed from all the rules of the dramatist's art. Wilde, Jones and Pinero have all succeeded in ignoring what was once a vital clause of the code of constructive playmaking, but in every instance they have atoned for their recalcitrance with sparkling epigram, majestic themes or morbidly fascinating situations. "The Crisis," quite in line with most of the theatricalizations (don't shoot) of recent novels, is innocent of a single noble line; its dialogue is windy and trite; its events, historical or personal, have not even the halo of age, the dignity of literature nor the perspective of epochal history.

In conclusion, of what may seem a harsh estimate of the young St. Louis author's play, it is but fair to express the belief that even he did not suspect himself of writing dramatic "literature" when he fixed up "The Crisis." I hope he expected no greater results than the vast profits which it is something of a vicarious pleasure to predict for the piece. If his expectations go not beyond that, they will almost certainly be realized, for the mere fame of his popular book, supplemented by the well-won prestige of Mr. Hackett, will pack the theaters and please every playgoer who neither knows nor cares anything about the artistry of stage literature and is satisfied to gloat upon the words and presence of a player of much intelligence and more pulchritude.

'POSSUM POLICY DEMOCRATS.

BY W. M. R.

NEITHER Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, nor Mr. Hill, of New York, is the man under whose banner the disrupted Democracy can get together effectively. They are both under suspicion as to their position towards the tariff and the trusts, and neither one of them is exactly in line with the attitude of Democrats like Mr. William J. Bryan or Louis F. Post as to what is called imperialism. Unless the Democracy is to make a complete "about face" it cannot take up with such Eastern leaders. The party is so largely committed to hostility to those things which Hill and Gorman represent that neither man is available as a basis of compromise. Democracy is a radical party and, as such, is not in a mood to accept the leadership of trimmers. All the doctrines that have been identified with the Democracy in the last two campaigns cannot be thrown over solely to please men like Hill and Gorman. The party is committed, more or less clearly, to the doctrines of a man like Tom L. Johnson, and Johnson would be a more available candidate in some respects than the men named.

Populism has waned to a considerable extent, of course, but not to such an extent that everything savoring of Populism can be thrown overboard. Repudiation of Populism in the West and South would mean the annihilation of the Democratic party. Considerable populist doctrine will have to be retained in the platform if the Democracy wishes to make a good showing at the polls. To talk of cutting loose altogether from the

Populist Democrats of the Northwest is equivalent to talk of Democracy cutting its own throat. Cutting loose from the Populists will even lose to the Democracy such a faithful State as Missouri. Even Hill and Gorman must know this much, being, as they are, practical politicians. Similarly, talk of turning down Mr. Bryan is folly. The party cannot afford, under any circumstances, to humiliate that gentleman. He has a hold on the rank and file that the party must utilize and the party cannot utilize that hold at the polls if it is going to eliminate from its platform everything for which Mr. Bryan has stood for six years. One might as well talk of the Republicans openly and wholly repudiating McKinley's policy. The gold Democrats cannot dictate the policy of the men they separated from in 1896 and 1900. The tail cannot wag the dog.

The New York Independent, in a reorganization editorial, suggests that "a party that had 45½ per cent of the popular vote in 1900 might, under intelligent direction, with a modern and civilized platform, in which tariff reform and allied economic questions should stand at the top, give the Republicans a hard fight at the polls, and might even defeat them." This is vague. What are "the allied economic questions?" This 45½ per cent of the popular vote felt that those allied questions were the doctrines of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms. The 45½ per cent of the popular vote is not ready to abandon those platforms in toto. The Independent is sure that "the free coinage of silver and all projects for currency inflation would be laid aside. This would be done with some diplomacy, but still so positively that the party would no longer be handicapped by the burden imposed upon it by the silverites." But Mr. Bryan and his supporters are the larger part of the 45½ per cent of the popular vote and they have not yet declared themselves ready to lay aside free silver with or without diplomacy.

The same paper says: "Imperialism could not be made a paramount or even a distinct issue. The Nation knows that the Republicans are not imperialists." The Independent talks nonsense. That imperialism is an issue no one can deny who reads the Democratic newspapers. That Republicans are imperialists the Democrats believe, and have believed ever since the days of Lincoln and of Grant. Essentially, to the Democratic mind, the chief Republican doctrine, protection, is imperialism. What is the Democratic fight for free trade with Cuba but a fight against an imperial tendency?

The Democrats are supposed to be a unit upon tariff reform, but the tariff reform they would get from men like Hill or Gorman would be wind-pudding only. Tariff reform is a good cry, but the Bryanite Democrat thinks that allied to tariff reform are such things as Government ownership, and Hill and Gorman and their followers are not likely to stand for any such thing in the platform. The Independent says, truly enough: "The recent growth of great combinations of manufacturers, and the enormous wealth of persons directly interested in the making or the operations of them, tend to excite public sentiment against the protective laws under which great profits have been obtained. The concentration of power in the railway world, to some extent connected in the public mind with these industrial operations, tends to excite opposition to privileges granted by statute. Everybody knows that in many of its parts the Dingley tariff has been outgrown by industries for the protection of which it was enacted, and that in some instances the tariff rates no longer needed for protection are used to the disadvantage of American consumers."

And while everybody knows this, everybody knows equally as well that there is more actual hope that something really reformatory of the trusts and the tariff is more reasonably to be expected of the Republican, Theodore Roosevelt, than of either David Bennett Hill or Arthur Pue Gorman. Mr. Roosevelt is a better Democrat in every implication of the word than either Hill or Gorman. The average Bryan Democrat believes more in Roosevelt the man or in Roosevelt politics than he does in either the

The Mirror

manhood or the politics of the Democratic possibilities from New York and Maryland. The tariff issue might, and indeed would, bring Republican votes to the Democratic ticket in the West, but the regular Democracy would have no faith in Hill or Gorman, both of whom are in the popular mind distinguished only for expertness in political skullduggery. The regular Democrats of the rank and file believe that the Hill and Gorman Democrats are tariff reformers only for the purpose of getting into office, and that once in office, these men would be the subservient creatures of the railroad and other combinations.

Tariff reform is a good issue for the Democrats, but they want that issue represented by men who have no records to show that they strangled a real tariff reform measure in the interest of sugar barons under the Cleveland administration. The regular Democrats have no faith in the men who want to modify the fight against wealthy privilege. They hold that the men who sulked when the fight was declared in 1896, because it was too square a fight, are not to be trusted to carry on the fight in milder form. From their point of view the regular Democrats are right. The men who called the regular Democrats "anarchists" in 1890 are not believed to be the men who are to carry out the purposes of those anarchists in 1902. The compromise suggested is not possible. The platform for 1902 must be made, not to satisfy the gold bug recalcitrants, but to satisfy first the men who followed Bryan and Altgeld and Tillman. There is not so much willingness as many of us think on the part of regular Democrats to admit that they were wrong in 1896 and 1900. A great many so-called Democratic daily papers have veered around, but they are papers in the capitalistic interest and they do not represent the opinion of the people. The democratic Democrats, as they call themselves, are still in sympathy with Mr. Bryan and Mr. Tillman. They are still anti-capitalistic, anti-imperialistic and more or less inclined to Socialism. They do not believe in the vague and tentative declarations of men like Gorman and Hill against corporations or corporation interests. They do not believe in temporizing with what they call imperialism. They are as radical at heart as they ever were and they will not rally to the support of men or measures that imply luke-warmness towards the principles for which 45% per cent of the popular vote was polled in former campaigns.

The Hill or Gorman programme may appeal to the Democratic politicians who want to win any old way. It does not appeal to the people who want something done to check the upbuilding of a governing commercial class by the bestowal of privilege. The rank and file of the Democrats, as the MIRROR sincerely believes, honestly would prefer to take chances of real tariff reform and honest action against predatory wealth from Theodore Roosevelt than from any man who, while claiming to be a Democrat, "played 'possum" in 1896 and 1900. They are not ready to flop from radicalism now to the "possum policy" of pretending to fight the tariff and the trusts upon campaign funds contributed by tariff beneficiaries and trust magnates.

GREY TWILIGHT.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

Do you remember that long twilight? grey
Unending sand, a low, grey sky, a wall
Of grey low cliffs, the sea against the sand
Flat, colored like the sand, white at the edge,
And now and then a shouldering wave that rose
Long, black, like a ship's hull seen sideways. Grey
As the monotonous days of life, when each
Copies the day it follows, grey and still
In such a bleak repose, as if it slept
Tired out of hope, the sand lay endlessly.
We walked upon the sand, and heard the sea
Whimpering, in a little lonely voice,
And there was always sand and sea and sky,
Making a quietude of emptiness.
Do you remember?

—Such a quietude
As fire might drowse to, when its ashes burn.
It was the slumber of a violent life.
It filled me with the peace of energy.

—It filled me with the helplessness of things,
Intolerable days, intolerable hours,
The level, endless, dust-grey sand of things;
The sand slides back under our traveling feet,
Our feet labor, and there is still the sand
Infinitely before us, indefinitely
Behind us, the same sand and sea and sky.

—I was content: I saw no emptiness;
The blood was busy in my veins; I felt
All the young heat and color of my blood
Fill up the hour with joy: a pause of life
Spoke to me in the grayness of the hour.
I can fill every hour with my own heat,
And color all the hours of life with joy.

—You; but I take my color from the hour,
And all my hours of life are like this sand,
And I am tired of treading down the hours.

EDITH WHARTON.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

WITH the reception of "The Valley of Decision," we have its author, Mrs. Edith Wharton, on a basis that admits of critical estimate. The book has been announced as her first sustained literary attempt; her first novel. The publishers have led the literary public to expect a rare treat, and the intimation has been that the talented lady would be enthroned as the literary goddess of the cult of Henry James and his penumbra. The book has come to hand in two volumes, and it must be said at the outset that it is a disappointment. Some of the critics do not attempt to veil their disappointment, some do veil it with faint praise and an attempt to create for the book a standard different from that suggested by the advance notices; and many content themselves with cool allusions to the strong negative merits the book actually possesses.

One reads "The Valley of Decision" with interest—an interest that steadily increases to the very end, which is dramatic and logical; but it is always necessary to refer to the title page or to memory to connect Edith Wharton with its authorship—the Edith Wharton of "The Greater Inclination," "The Touchstone" and "Crucial Instances." After having read the book with especial care and thoroughness, I am at a loss to discover its motive. The literary workmanship is good, but it is workmanship. It does not show genius, nor a high order of talent. For Mrs. Wharton it is only mediocre. It does not touch the high mark of her other books; it furnishes no excuse for itself, other than the always valid excuse of expediency. Its theme is not new. It has been worked and overworked, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and F. Marion Crawford; and it is not of supreme importance, to Americans at least. The awakening of Italy, with the dawn of the eighteenth century, is an interesting historical motive; as is the French revolution, the Germanic drawing together, the English expansion, and the dawn of America's greatness. It is inferior in world-interest to either of these, and its justification is yet in the future. Such as understand Italy's present condition cannot be ecstatically elevated by reviewing those earlier impulses which led to such enlightenment as has been achieved, for little has been achieved, and the promise for the future is far from glorious. No doubt the tale is a good picture of Italian life a century ago, but the picture is not an alluring one, nor an elevating one. It gives us no pleasure to contemplate it, nor is there profit in it. According to Mrs. Wharton, Italian society was then pretty debased. It was governed by selfish and vile motives. Private life was debauched. Vice and crime were rampant. Chicanery, deceit, lying and betrayal of trust were

the controlling motives in private life, while jesuitical and Machiavellian methods and motives ruled in official life. Independence of thought was squelched by the governments and by the Inquisition. To be base was the necessary corollary of safety; to be decent meant to court death, the dungeon or the galleys.

The exposition anew of these conditions in that Italy profits us nothing. It is like dwelling upon a bad dream, as unnecessary as it is unpleasant and unprofitable. We gain nothing.

Considered merely as a novel, "The Valley of Decision" scarcely rises above the mark of mediocrity. It assuredly is not great. It discovers to the reader but one really fine character, that of *Fulvia*, and it dooms her to the fate of becoming the mistress of her lover and finally sacrifices her to a stray bullet from a mad mob. Her qualities are all dim and negative, except her love for *Odo*, and even that descends from the high plane it is first placed upon and surrenders to mere physical attraction and gratification, and its force is obliterated and vanishes. *Odo*, the accidental heir to a dukedom, is abortive. He is taken from the squalor of his neglected boyhood and trained as the heir presumptive. He lights the fire of political regeneration, fans it assiduously until he becomes duke and then balks at his own opportunity to realize his hopes and dreams. He cannot wholly extinguish the fire he has fed and fanned, and it consumes himself. He flees from his court, when the revolution comes, and leaves the story, abruptly, and rides out into oblivion, a baffled and disappointed man, borne down by the weakness of his character no less than by the forces of the times.

Mrs. Wharton's singularly apt felicity in nomenclature is strikingly illustrated in the title of this book, and more forcibly in the titles of its four divisions: "The Old Order" graphically exhibits the old Italy; "The New Light" skillfully shows the sources and growth of the new ideas which have operated to make the new Italy such as it is; "The Choice" takes *Odo* through his struggle between the dukedom and the legitimate possession of *Fulvia* and gives him the dukedom; "The Reward" loses *Odo* his throne and his *Fulvia*, but gives him both for a time and then casts him out upon the world, alone. *Fulvia* comes to him voluntarily, or is driven to him by the forces of the old order, which she had ever battled against. So far as these individuals were concerned the old order triumphed. They opposed it, but it utterly crushed them and cast them out. *Fulvia* began as a hot disciple of personal and political purity and ended the mistress of a thwarted and baffled petty ruler. *Odo* was trained for a reformer, had the instincts and resolutions of a reformer, and was given abundant power and opportunity, but ended a fugitive from his opportunity, alone, too insignificant to be pursued.

There is merit in the book, but not the merit of the author's other books. It exerts a charm upon the reader a charm which develops itself tardily but grows in intensity to the end. Its literary workmanship is of a fine quality, but it has little of the subtly suggestive quality of the other books, and I cannot avoid the conclusion that Mrs. Wharton has not done justice to her genius—that she has made a mistake in departing from the short story, the sketch, the essay, wherein she gave such conclusive evidence of eminence. "The Touchstone" is an incomparably greater book than "The Valley of Decision;" greater in every essential sense, as literature, as a preachment, as a superior example of artistry in language, as an expositor of a soul. It is a book one must read with deep delight, must absorb with infinite profit, and cannot speak of without enthusiasm. Some of the pieces in the two other books—"The Greater Inclination," which came first, and "Crucial Instances," which came after "The Touchstone"—are notable in several senses; several of them are singly more notable than this latter novel, and more likely to bring Mrs. Wharton fame. I must believe that Mrs. Wharton yielded to pressure, perhaps exerted by her publishers, (Charles Scribner's Sons) when she resolved to write a two-volume novel. If she did, she should heed the lesson, and return to her own peculiar excellence.

In these four books Mrs. Wharton has given us one each year. "The Greater Inclination" is dated 1899, "The Touchstone," 1900; "Crucial Instances," 1901, and "The Valley of Decision," 1902. The five volumes represent, probably, more than the work of four years. Such writing is not usually turned out at the rate of the ordinary novel-machines.

All of Mrs. Wharton's books were made by D. B. Updike, and have that typographic distinction which is his copyright. They are fine examples of commercial book-making—almost beyond criticism. They conform to the three great tenets of good printing—simplicity, proportion, restraint. The printing strictly is excellent, the *format* is faultless, the title-pages are, at least acceptable, the binding is distinguished. The typography, aside from being correct and properly planned, exemplifies sundry refinements which go toward making the general tone of distinction that marks all the volumes. In some vital details "The Valley of Decision" falls below the mechanical standard of the other volumes. It has cheaper paper, cheaper binding, less careful presswork, a simpler and less expensive title-page, etc. Its distinction, in its class, is much less marked than is the distinction of the other volumes, and it thus maintains that equipoise between motive and manufacture which is desirable, if not essential. It is not as notably apart from other novels as the other volumes are notably apart from other essays; and they are as strikingly different in form and typography as in literary equality and form. While Mr. Updike has made many books more entitled to particular mention than are these, simply as examples of fine bookmaking, none better exemplify those principles which ought to control bookmaking—the harmony between literary and mechanical motives. He has given the books the physical tone which chords with the literary motive; his fidelity to the canons of typography and his refinements of style form a very fitting vehicle for the subtle and searching genius of Mrs. Wharton. Even the debasing of the standards for the novel accords perfectly with the lowered and loosened literary performances which the novel makes us regretfully aware of.



GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU.

BY ASBESTOS.

PERHAPS there never was a man, who figured in the official history of Washington, so constantly under the lime light of publicity, whose duty it was to meet so many public men, officials and newspaper correspondents and who was so universally respected, admired and loved as is George Bruce Cortelyou, the Secretary to the President of the United States, at the present time. As a man he is an attractive character. As a secretary to the Chief Executive of the Nation, he is a genius. When the lamented McKinley took Mr. Cortelyou from the Post Office Department, where he was a stenographer, and planted him in the White House, as an assistant secretary, he unconsciously picked out one of the few men in this world fitted for the trying and peculiar duties of a secretary to a President. Such men, like poets, are born, not made. Unless a man possesses naturally the qualifications necessary to fill that difficult station, he will prove a dismal failure. He can never acquire them by years of experience.

George B. Cortelyou was intended by nature for the position he holds to-day and that assertion will be corroborated by every newspaper correspondent in the Capital. He is the perfect personification of suavity and ease of manner. He never loses his head; he never gets "rattled;" he never says or does the wrong thing. He is always courteous, always kind and obliging, but the incarnation of loyalty to his chief, and "a glutton for work." Day after day, during McKinley's administration, without vacation or lay off for sickness, he was at his desk at nine o'clock promptly. He worked incessantly until two, one hour for lunch and back at three, dinner at six, back at the desk at ten o'clock at

night and work until one and sometimes two in the morning. He not only looked after all the public business of the executive and disposed of it, but he had complete charge of all Mr. McKinley's private affairs and handled them with an adroitness and skill that gave great satisfaction to that always careful man. His perfect knowledge of those affairs made him absolutely indispensable as one of the trustees to look after the McKinley estate.

Long before the resignation of the late John Addison Porter, as the secretary to the President, Mr. Cortelyou, as his assistant, was acting as a buffer for Mr. Porter, who was an accomplished gentleman though unfitted for the position. Many a time, owing to the undiplomatic methods employed by Mr. Porter, there would have been a "hot roast" sent over the wires from here anent the administration, if it had not been for the gentle smile and kind words of Mr. Cortelyou which had the effect of banishing all feelings of resentment. He can come nearer, figuratively, to kicking a man down stairs and then have the victim turn and thank him for his courtesy, than any man who ever occupied his position in the White House. His gentleness and suavity contain no suggestion of *Uriah Heep*. He does not constantly "wash his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water." He is firm and manly and direct in all he does and says, but he does and says things in such a way as to disarm all antagonism or suspicion that the applicant for an office is *persona non grata*, or that a newspaper correspondent is being "scooped."

He knows how to discriminate between the newspaper man and the paper he represents. I have seen men go to him for a tip on the news whose papers were at the time assailing McKinley in the bitterest and most vindictive manner. He recognized that the man was not responsible for the policy of his paper and that his job depended on his getting the news. In his gentle manner he would give the man his news tip in his usual careful and diplomatic way, by saying that he thought it would be bad policy to play Bill Jones to win or that it might pay to stay pretty close to Bill Smith. That was all that was necessary. The man had the news and the secretary had violated no confidence. How many men do you know who possess the self-restraint and kindly nature to give news to a paper that is at the time saying all manner of mean things about his chief. I know none, except Mr. Cortelyou. The newspaper fraternity here has hailed with delight the new rule at the White House to the effect that all news of Cabinet meetings in future must percolate through the fingers of Mr. Cortelyou, which obviates the necessity of trotting after each member of the Cabinet as he emerges from the Cabinet room and begging for a crumb of news with which to feed a hungry public.

They now know that they will get all the news they are entitled to and no more and that it will be given to them in such a way that they will feel good over it for an hour. While Mr. Cortelyou was thoroughly appreciated by the news gatherers and the public men of the country before the death of Mr. McKinley, the work performed by him during those sad and anxious days in Buffalo, showed him in an entirely new light. The relations between Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. McKinley were those of tender regard and affectionate friendship. What then must have been Cortelyou's sufferings during those trying days? He was the man who gave to the world all the news of the stricken President; his was the strong arm upon which leaned the sorrowing wife; he was the man upon whom the President depended for everything that was to be done. He must keep an unruffled exterior when with the poor wife, when giving news to the sharp-eyed men who gathered it, when ministering to the wounded man whom he loved and whose face, drawn with pain, racked his soul with agony. He was equal to every emergency. Not once did he do or say the wrong thing, though he seldom slept or ate. The only change from the usual suave and courteous Cortelyou was that his kindly smile was absent. To perform such wonderful work without a hitch, in the presence of a heart-consuming sorrow was a marvel.

Since Mr. Roosevelt has been President Mr. Cortelyou

has been his good, right hand, and though there have been rumors that the President would give him something else that would be in the nature of a promotion,—and nothing would be too good for him,—yet the newspaper men hope that the President will not let him go from his present position. It is a selfish hope on their part and they trust the President is as selfish. It so, Mr. Cortelyou will remain where he is until the end of this administration.

It is not generally known that Mr. Cortelyou is an accomplished musician, a musical critic and a musical student. He is all of these and more. He is a genial, kindly, intellectual, manly man.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16th.



CUTTING LOOSE FROM WALL STREET

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THE new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Shaw, has sensible ideas. This is as it should be. We cannot have too much common sense at the head of the Federal Treasury. There have been Secretaries of the Treasury who were experts in finance, but too much influenced by other than National motives. Wall street had too much to say in the regulation of Government finances. Under the administration of Mr. Gage, the Federal Treasury was too much and too closely connected with stock exchange circles. Mr. Gage was a very capable and successful Secretary; he did his share in keeping the sea of finance smooth and in preventing scares, but there is reason to believe that he could have accomplished equally as much by different and less suspicious methods at various times in the last three years. In the closing months of 1899, there were open accusations of his being too much under the control of Wall street syndicates and the City National Bank, of New York, and it is still a mystery why he refused to come to the relief of the money market the day before the big crash, on the 18th of December, in that year, and afterwards displayed such queer alacrity in proffering help the day after the manipulation of the market value by powerful Standard Oil interests had been crowned with success. Nothing, of course, could or was ever proved against Mr. Gage, but the suspicion remained and could never since be downed.

It was the habit of Mr. Gage to relieve stringency in the money market, from time to time, by buying Government bonds. This time-honored, but highly unprofitable, method was water on the mill of greedy sharks in Wall street. Leading bankers, in anticipation of Government action, used to buy up big blocks of Federal bonds, whenever there were indications of higher money-rates, and then sold their holdings, at outrageously high prices, to Mr. Gage, who never failed to accept offerings, no matter what the price might be. He justified his action by the plausible statement that it was the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain normal conditions in the money market. Some members of Congress, at various times, disapproved of Mr. Gage's methods and demanded investigations, but means were always found to hush up matters and to satisfy the suspicious ones with more or less inexplicable explanations.

According to late reports, Mr. Shaw, the new Secretary of the Treasury, intends to put a stop to the practice of buying Federal Bonds at absurd prices from scheming syndicates. If he should suit his action to his intention, it is very likely that the prices of these bonds will recede before a great while, and banks will then find it more profitable to issue than to retire circulation. The bond-buying business had advanced to the quotations for Government bonds to such an extent that national banks preferred to sell their Government bonds (deposited to secure circulation) and to withdraw their notes from circulation. Proceedings of this kind were thus harmful in two directions: They compelled the Government to pay unwarranted prices for its outstanding bonds, and also reduced the national bank notes in circulation, thereby endangering general finance and business.

The purchases of bonds, therefore, brought about the very thing which they were expected to prevent. It is an easy matter for Wall street manipulators to create a scarcity of money and to raise interest rates. They have done this frequently in the past and will do it frequently in the future. But it is the duty of the Federal Treasury to keep aloof from Wall street and refuse to be victimized by sharpers. A continuance of the bond-buying scheme would never result in anything tangible, except harm for the country at large. Artificial relief never did any good. The money market should regulate itself, automatically, without any assistance from the Federal Treasury. Some days ago, the Banking Committee of the lower House of Congress decided to recommend a reform of our currency system, which, if carried into effect, would give the money market the necessary elasticity, that is, increase the supply of funds, when there is a big demand, and reduce it when demand is ebbing away. Under the present system, money is, as a rule, plentiful in poor times and scarce in prosperous times. A reform of our currency system is thus urgently needed and should be pushed through with all possible speed. The Treasury should have nothing to do with banking business. Let the country's banks attend to that, under proper safeguards and guarantees.

Mr. Shaw is to be congratulated on his intention of cutting loose from Wall street. He has taken the proper step. The Government is not there for the purpose of facilitating stock-jobbing. By buying bonds, the Treasury creates an artificial plethora of money, which is being utilized for purposes of stock inflation. As fast as the Treasury disburses funds Wall street uses them up. Wall street is the gainer both ways and the Government the loser. The new Secretary of the Treasury is, apparently, determined to allow natural conditions to have full sway. And natural conditions are always better than artificial conditions.

AN AMERICAN RADICAL.

BY CARLYLE SPENCER.

THE radicalism which controlled in American politics from 1840 to 1870 has disappeared as completely as that which controlled from 1770 to 1800. A Radical of the type of Lincoln, Sumner, Garrison, or John Brown would now be as much an anomaly and an anachronism in either of the dominant parties as would be James Otis, Samuel Adams or the Thomas Jefferson of the period prior to his election to the Presidency. Changed conditions, forcing extreme views and extreme measures as part of the logic of events, are developing radicalism in new forms, so different from the old as scarcely to be recognizable as an evolution from them. This radicalism of wealth and power is already finding, in the Philippines and in South Africa, an expression of its tendencies checked by no fear, by no scruple, by no doubt or hesitation. It is as thorough-going in its own extreme as was the radical Toryism of Lord North and George the Third, of Charles the First and Strafford. It does not count the cost of either blood or money in the attempt to carry out its purposes, and, as always happens in the development of any radicalism in its extreme, it has lost its self-consciousness, its power of estimating the relations of its own actions to the certainties of the past and the probabilities of the future. Wherever this is developed in one direction, it is inevitable that a corresponding radicalism should develop in the other and should manifest itself as a part of the logic of events, which, if once the dead line be passed, can not be checked.

The radicalism of the Civil War period ceased to be a controlling factor in American politics with the campaign which brought John P. Altgeld into American politics. The purposes of that campaign, in shaping which he took no part, were wholly conservative. The Civil War spirit had been revived in the last desperate struggle over pensions, which, in the final compromise, resulted in the tacit consent of the Democratic organization

to a pension list it had denounced as the greatest enormity of modern times, imposing on the labor of the country a burden greater than that of a European standing army. As long as this issue was at the front, the whole weight of the organization of Union veterans was thrown on the side of the great combinations of corporations which were then being consolidated, with Andrew Carnegie as the man who, in the popular view, was most nearly typical of the forces of consolidated capital. This was partly due to the immense profits he was reported to be making as a result of the successful suppression of competition, but still more, perhaps, to the fact that, while the processes of suppression were brought to bear, he was one of the principal employers of the armed bands of private, mercenary soldiers known as "Pinkertons." The frequent collisions between these private troops and bodies of organized workingmen resulted in great public excitement, and as the system spread from Pennsylvania to the West, with bloodshed as its frequent incident, it created new political conditions in which the surviving passions of the Civil War period were not necessarily the governing factor. That is, it fully appeared when President Harrison, supported by the Grand Army of the Republic and representing the last surviving radicalism of the Civil War period, attempted to revive what was then an effete radicalism, that the Republican party, having really made a complete change of base under which the forces represented by Mr. Carnegie rather than those represented by General Harrison were in control, was open to an attack from the rear, which could only fail to be successful by the fault of those who made it. Conditions were such that when the attack was actually made, it actually succeeded in spite of every possible fault of those who made it—its success being, under the circumstances, one of those impossibilities which so frequently and so easily become actual at the crisis of events.

Seemingly the Western leaders, when this struggle began in Illinois, were Benjamin Harrison and John M. Palmer, the latter being thrust to the front because he had been a major-general in the Union Army, as radical in his views of the rights of the States as General Harrison was supposed to be in his views of Federal supremacy. As these were the ostensible leaders of the forces opposing each other in Illinois, so the ostensible question was the revival of military control of Southern elections. On this, as the main issue, it was believed that Illinois could be carried by making, at the same time, a strong attack on the methods of suppressing competition through the employment of "Pinkertons" and similar agencies. This struggle had gone on, and was seemingly fought virtually to its issue, before Altgeld came into it. He made his entrance into National politics as a local factor in Northern Illinois, completely overshadowed at the time by the reputation which, in such a struggle, necessarily attached to John M. Palmer. It was supposed when Altgeld was nominated for Governor that he had been selected because he had money enough to "finance the campaign," and it was not generally believed that he was a man of any great force of character or capacity for leadership. He accepted this judgment very quietly and made no attempt whatever to thrust himself into undue prominence. General Palmer was left the putative head of the Democratic party in Illinois and even after Altgeld had been elected Governor, Palmer remained the putative author of the movement which had carried Illinois. How far this movement was removed from any such radicalism as Altgeld was afterwards supposed to represent, may be inferred from the fact that it operated simultaneously with "deals" in Iowa and other "Granger States" through which railroads, controlled in New York city, threw their influence very generally in the West against the Republicans in States whose Legislatures had been making really vigorous efforts to control railroad rates. The whole hope of Democratic success in Iowa depended on "deals" and when Boise was elected Governor of Iowa as a result, he was as much a "Conservative" in that State as was General Palmer in Illinois. It developed a little later, however, that the issues had not really been between "Conservatism" of this kind and the then expiring radicalism of the Civil War, but between the

forces represented on one side by Altgeld and on the other by Carnegie.

Both these men represented theories which were wholly foreign to the Americanism of 1776, or of 1860, or of any other period prior to the great growth of city populations which followed the centralization of capital made possible by the Civil War. They were both Socialists, neither of them at all attached to the American constitutional system of government; neither of them believing in a government merely of granted powers, expressed in a constitution; neither of them believing in restraining the exercise of power, individual, State or National, within the limits of laws passed under the restrictions of a constitution of granted powers. Both were "Republicans" in the sense of believing in a Republican form of government, but the existing theory was foreign to their ideals, both held that the object of government should be to compel the strong and the capable to care for the weak and the incapable, with no limit set by what Radicals of the Rousseau school called "individual rights" and the "rights of man." Both had accumulated large fortunes by taking advantage of existing conditions created by the Civil War, but Mr. Carnegie, who, at no time allowed his ideals to interfere with what he considered "business," had gone so far beyond Altgeld that at the time the forces for which Carnegie stood were those to which Altgeld was so much opposed that, as their opposition developed his combativeness, he developed with it a willingness to sacrifice everything—money, reputation, friends, life itself in checking them.

The man who is once really in this mood as a permanent disposition has become as nearly absolute as it is possible for a man to be. Everything that is done to wound, to disgrace, to cripple him only brings him nearer and nearer to absolute freedom from the influences which control other men and restrain them. As far as appears, this radicalism first developed in Altgeld as a result of his pardon of the anarchists. It is not necessary to deal with that case except as it entered into the governing motives of his future. The single fact of overshadowing importance in connection with it is, that while, from his standpoint, the official review of the case by the Supreme Court of Illinois showed that there was not evidence to convict even in a petit larceny case, and while he had appealed for a review of the evidence in his own justification, the evidence was never considered at all, and he was from that time on subjected to such an attack as had been made on no other man in the country with the possible exception of John Brown after the raid on Harper's Ferry.

From this time he was forced to the front in Illinois as the real representative of what John M. Palmer had been supposed to represent. The movement in which General Palmer had been used so effectively really ended then. It was necessary to its continued success that Illinois should be kept at the front in National politics and that the new lines of National life should be shaped once more under Illinois leadership—State leadership not individual, as in 1860, when Illinois had decided once for all the history of thirty years.

When this opportunity was thrown away, the Democratic organization really gave up its place in National politics, and its subsequent detached operations have been carried on under local "partisans" of whom Altgeld has been one of the most forcible.

The desperate malice of the personal attacks which made him a Radical, might have made him a very great man under different conditions. He became absolutely fearless in expressing his convictions, determined in his purposes, careless of his personal interests and like Danton, to whom his opponents have compared him, in at least one respect,—his recklessness of what was said to turn him from his purposes. "Let my name be accursed, but let France be free," said Danton, when, having nothing left but the reputation of an honest man, he saw that if he went forward, he must go into the history made by his opponents as one of the most infamous monsters of all time. His love of his good name was the last hold by which he could be checked, and when this was broken,

nothing could check him. But behind him and supporting him was a radicalism which never existed at all for Altgeld except as it existed in opposition to him. He might have become a leader, had there been anything to lead, but he found nothing. The real forces of Democratic leadership were rather behind Mr. Tillman, who is so far from being a genuine radical of any kind that he is always ready to let go any other business to demonstrate that he is "better than a nigger" and proposes to remain so—a demonstration which, while it may be at times advisable and, perhaps, necessary, is not calculated to create either a permanent force in the world's affairs or a permanently heroic figure in the world's history.

During the whole period of Altgeld's greatest prominence, from his pardon of the anarchists to his death, the real radicalism of the country has been organized in the party he was opposing, which in its alliance with English capitalism and the unspeakable brutalities of this combination in the war of extermination on the patriots of the South African and Philippine republics has shown what radicalism, which stops at nothing, really means. Altgeld has never had Radical supporters enough to make a corporal's guard among the managers of the party with which he was allied. Nor did he himself acquire the knowledge of the possibilities of American politics necessary to force issues. At the time when the bargain with the English Tories was being made, he believed that it might be broken by a revival of the Stephen A. Douglas futility of "Manifest Destiny." With the controlling party in America involved in the West Indies and the Philippines, while England was carrying out the same Tory policies in South Africa, he fell in with the idea that a movement for the annexation of Canada might either create a diversion or else develop into an issue capable of restoring the Democratic party to power. While it is, perhaps, among the probabilities of the next half century, that the present policies of the English Tories, carried out in co-operation with those of the United States, will cost England every foot of ground it holds in the two Americas, these things belong to the slow operation of justice. The one hope of checking the American movement toward Colonial imperialism under English auspices, was in a determined, uncompromising, radical appeal to the original Americanism of the United States. Without doubt it would have been supported had it been made just at the close of the Spanish war, but the influence of the Administration in the organization of the Democratic party was strong enough to prevent it from being made. The only pronounced part Altgeld afterwards took against Republican foreign policies was in denouncing the destruction of the Boer republics, but, under the necessities of his position, this was merely a local demonstration.

In the Democratic organization, as far as it still exists in National politics, he was almost completely isolated. The Socialism he represented, in its opposition to the American constitutionalism of 1789, is far more nearly the governing force of Republican capitalism, organized in trusts and similar combinations, than it is of the small land-holders of the South and West who still comprise the voting strength of the Democratic party. The organizations represented by men like Mr. Carnegie are really an extra-constitutional system of paternal socialism, representing a closer approximation to Socialistic ideals than has ever been made under any other modern government. The chief point of variance between Altgeld and these was that he believed in using the Socialistic idea for the general advantage, instead of for his own. It was this that made him a radical, bitterly hated by the men who control the Republican party, and wholly out of sympathy with the views which control the masses of land-holding Democrats in the South and West. He was forced into prominence before the development of conditions which made leadership possible for him. The lesson of his career is that of the certainty that no radicalism can exist without breeding its retributory radicalism. His life and his unfinished work belong to the period of modern radicalism which the Republican party has been creating since the beginning of its *modus vivendi* with the London plutocracy now represented by the Tory

administrations of Salisbury and Roosevelt. Altgeld will be better understood when the history now being made shows at last that every wrong, committed to defeat justice, creates its own remedy and compels its own punishment.

PIETY AND PERFORMANCE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

NINE years ago, a good and gentle girl, radiant with the exalted enthusiasm of a missionary, came by stage into the remote fastnesses of Saddle Mountain and, protected by the chivalrous lieutenants of a paternal government, uplifted among the Apaches and Comanches the little, white tent that was her temple and her home.

In this isolated wilderness, surrounded by the fast vanishing bravos of red savages, Miss Isabel Crawford uplifted the cross of the Nazarene. She came from Chicago to preach the word of God, as others have done in the past, but in her own 'cute, little way she had prepared a plan of procedure that was comparatively unknown among Indian missionaries. She did not confuse her wondering proteges with tall, deep stories about the gentleness and wisdom, the love and mysticism of the Son of Mary and Joseph. She threatened no everlasting flames and promised no harps and crowns. She simply told the Indians that Jesus, the father and founder of the great white race, was good, was noble, was beloved, was all powerful, because he worked. I'm not sure, but I suspect that she described the Son of God as a first-class carpenter; perhaps she made him out an architect, a famous builder and contractor. But whatever she told them, she convinced the Comanches and Apaches who listened to her that the Redeemer was a heap big chief because he earned his living.

I think that Poor Lo would have fared better at the hands of the white man if he had been served a little more business sense with his soup, an occasional appetizer in the shape of short-rations, a solid course of hard labor and a dab of theology by ways of dessert. Now that's what Miss Crawford has been trying to do and I mention her mission because, in the first place, it is the most successful, in a sense, that has ever been operated amongst the blanket Indians. Being imbued with Chicago practicality, as well as the true Christian spirit, she went at Poor Lo with a sort of business theology. He had heard the Christ cracked up as a great medicine man, a soothsayer, a wizard, a chief, an old-young man who made long, wise speeches. But Miss Crawford told them that the reason he was such a great and powerful chief was that he made things with his hands and hustled for a living. That was a new one on the Indian and he began to think that if Christ wasn't ashamed to qualify for a labor union a self-respecting Apache could afford to do likewise.

To the glory of toil she adjoined the even more alluring prospect of cash profit, supplementing both with the inevitable and ultimate promise of spiritual, mental and physical uplift. It caught on. Colonel James F. Randlett, for many years one of Uncle Sam's most efficient, just and popular Indian agents, says that Miss Crawford's work among the Indians has shown a more marked and permanent success than any other of like extent. Under her guidance more ex-champion scalp hunters got busy in the fields than had ever been known to work. I have a picture of Jim Moon Dog, standing proudly before a new building, his sleeves rolled up, his long, black plaits of hair tucked under his hat, and a *hod* on his shoulders, while beside him stands an Irish boss who seems to be giving the word of command, "Step lively, Moon Dog!"

Surely that photograph is eloquent of the great success achieved, in nine years, by Miss Crawford and her industrial theory of civilizing the noble aborigine. I do not believe that the Indian has ever or will ever grasp and hold the the abstruse and ingrown Christianity of the white man. Round about Anadarko, in the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and Wichita country, opened to white settlers last summer,

there are a half a dozen rich and long-established missions bigger than Miss Crawford's, though working along different lines. Of the 3,600 Indians in the adjacent tribes not more than 500 remain unlisted from the roll of "converts." And yet the great majority of these Christianized (?), these tentative communicants, cling to the superstitions of their ancestors, revere none but the ancient gods of their fathers and hope for no finer heaven than a houseless hunting ground with plenty of ponies and rifles for the chase, dogs enough for even a celestial feast and a few boot-leggers to lend zest to the perpetual holiday. They still believe that the brown hills south of the Washita are at night populous with the ghosts of the Tonkawas, that extinct tribe of cannibals which the enraged Comanches smote from the earth in the darkness of one bloody night. The burning forest fires on far off mountains are yet to them the balefires of unforgotten foemen whom they slew before the pale-face came and put them down with the strong hand.

I don't take much stock in that theory of the red man's wrongs which is epitomized by the sophism "A Century of Dishonor." Some day I shall write a new story of the Battle of the Infernal Caverns, as I heard it from old Col. Hutchison, who fought there with Coppinger and saw that veteran turn pale and tremble, not with the mere fear of death, or of impending defeat, but with shrinking horror of the unspeakable atrocities which the Indians wreaked upon the living prisoners who fell into their hands. It is an old story with the frontiersmen, this devilish ingenuity, this obscene cruelty, which in the old days of Indian warfare was wreaked indiscriminately upon defenceless men, women and children of the white pioneers. Famous "converts" of the early day became the most monstrous exemplars of Indian cruelty. Corpses of white women, scalped and denuded, have been found in the "rough days" of fifteen years ago, with catechisms and leaves from the bible thrust into their gaping mouths, their eyes gouged out and medals of the Virgin glistening in the staring sockets.

Dear, gentle, dauntless Seth Bullock, "the first sheriff of Deadwood;" the man who blazed the trail from that outpost to the pine-encinctured sea called Puget Sound; the first Paladin of the new Northwest, who slew more Indian murderers and lynched more white cattle-thieves than any man of the Bad Lands; who has in his kind, right hand more of the benign forgiving spirit of the Nazarene than has been pumped into the whole surviving population of Indians, summarized his experience of the Indians for me like this:

"Settin' aside the one sure-enough way o' civilizin' a Injun, which is the Winchester, I'm of the opinion that the best way to fetch him would have been to work him instead o' tryin' to sanctify him. He's just like a outlaw broncho. If you don't want to kill him you got to put a fifty-pound saddle an' a two-hundred pound man on him and ride him. O' course he'll buck, but finally he's got to give to the *weight o' the argyment*. Piety ain't no good; performin' is what we oughta taught the Injun."

And so, I say, success to fair Isabel Crawford, the Chicago missionary, who is, perhaps, short on piety and long on performance. I'm sure indigence and infidelity have no greater enemy than industry. Idleness and infamy have been cause and effect with all degenerate races. I cannot see what faith is better than its deeds, what word is better than work, what school of art, or science, or philosophy, or religion is better than its achievements. I would say that if the Government has erred in its treatment of the Indian it has been on the side of leniency rather than severity. For years now it has pampered Poor Lo till he is rich. Lo, he is even proud of his dependence, arrogant in his unearned wealth, a haughty beggar, unashamed of everything but work. Polygamous loafer; sullen leech, fattened into submission; tyrant of women, scoffing all gentleness; O, noble Red Man passing away, may you go to a region where you will have to work ten hours a day, to a land where you will have to chop wood and make your own fires to keep warm, to a land where there are no women and no children, to a bourne whence you cannot return even on the end of the "blind baggage!"

The Mirror

HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

I.

If words were perfume, color, wild desire;
If poet's song were fire
That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins;
If, with bird-like thrill, the moments throbbed to hours;
If summer's rains
Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet maiden flowers;
If God made flowers with light and music in them;
And saddened hearts could win them;
If loosened petals touched the ground
With a caressing sound;
If love's eyes uttered word
No listening lover e'er before had heard;
If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice;
If flame passed into song and cried, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
If words could picture life's hopes, heaven's eclipse
When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and lips;
If all of mortal woe
Struck one heart with breathless blow on blow;
If melody were tears, and tears were starry gleams
That shone in evening's amethystine dreams;
Ah, yes, if notes were stars, each star a different hue,
Trembling to earth in dew;
Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,
Made a majestic music in the night;
If all the orbs in the light of day
In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play;
And when in frightening skies the lightnings flashed
And storm clouds crashed;
If every stroke of light and sound were but excess of
beauty;
—If human syllables could e'er refashion
That fierce electric passion;
If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)
The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder
Of that keen hour of wonder—
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell—
How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

II.

How Paderewski plays! And was it he
Or some dislodged spirit that had rushed
From silence into singing; that had crushed
Into one startled hour a life's felicity,
And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life, grief, wrong
Turns at the last to beauty and to song.

From the Century Magazine.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

THE prevalence of divorce, which has been puzzling
so many moralists and vital statisticians, has at last
been accounted for lucidly, definitely, finally—and
by a woman. That the woman happens to be an actress,
too, lends, of course, a certain authority to the explanation,
which is not materially weakened by the circumstance that,
so far, she has had but one husband.

Attend! "When a woman is fond of her husband she
is miserable because she cannot always be near him. When
she is not fond of him, he is always around, bothering her.
I don't know how one can be happy under either con-
dition."

Of course, she doesn't. Nobody knows.

Now, the superiority of woman's love to man's has long
been a favorite theme for feminine philosophers and poets.
Contemporary literature can always be counted upon for its
full quota of testimony as to this special characteristic of
the gentler sex. In theory they have formed a sort of trust.

Yet it never has occurred to one of them to formulate
her feelings in aphoristic terms. As now stated by the
actress in question, the completeness and finality of the
proposition will hardly be disputed. "Incompatibility"—
the stock excuse for divorce—at once becomes by com-
parison a weak and limited elucidation of matrimonial
impossibilities.

Fancy a man with the capacity for loving a woman so

much that the misery of seeing her only every day, for life,
is less endurable than the misery of separation! The great
Thomas Hardy says that the pain of true lovers being apart
is easier to bear than is the sight of one another when they
realize that ultimate union is impossible.

But that is a commonplace compared to this feminine
obiter dictum, and if Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Henry James, does
not make use of it at the first opportunity, it will be because
they don't read the newspapers.

"When she is not fond of him he is always around
bothering her."

This is independently interesting as a verbal crystalli-
zation of man's natural perversity. When she is fond of
him, he makes her so miserable by staying away part of the
time that she has to leave him altogether in order to make
life endurable. When she is not fond of him, he shows
a cruelty, by no means paralleled in the records of his
physical violence, by shirking work in order to pursue her
with his attentions.

The lady in question, with commendable delicacy and
the traditional charity of her sex, does not specify to which
of these forms of indignity she had been subjected. But
the inference is plain, for she lets fall the admission that
since her departure from home her husband had brutally
pursued her with attentions in the form of letters, tele-
grams and flowers.

I believe all bachelors will join with me in praise of the
lucky star which guided their footsteps from the connubial
pitfalls wherein man's latent depravity is developed in a
degree he had never dreamed of in his humblest and most
introspective moments.

A MUTUAL AFFAIR.

BY BESSIE L. RUSSELL.

BOSTON, MASS., February 27, 1902.

VIOLA DEAR:

I HAVE something to tell you. I don't know how to
tell it. For a Boston man, now, that is a confession,
but that's the truth of the matter. I feel like a cad;
I am one—nay, more, a monster. For my silence, dear,
forgive me; but forgive me more for what I am going to
confess to you. I feel so ashamed of it all, of my weak-
ness, my disloyalty, and yet I feel, too, that there is but one
honorable thing to do, even if it wounds you—you who love
me so fondly. I have thought it all out and am persuaded
in my own mind that it is best that you should know
the truth—the real truth. Oh, Viola, my dear little
girl, after all the love I vowed to you last summer, I
know you will hardly be prepared for this more than cruel
news. It must be broken to you though, Viola. In justice
to us both and for the sake of our future happiness, there
must be a plain statement of facts. Facts are unfeeling
quantities at best, but they must be met, even if they wound
us. Viola dear, I have deceived you. I do not love you.
It was never love—just a fancy which counterfeited the
real article. I know it now. I am sure of it—and this be-
cause I experienced the *real* on the street the other day.
You see, it's just another case of an old love resurrected.
By the merest chance we met, my love and I, last week in
the Sub-way. We met again at Keith's and yesterday we
lunched at the Algonquin. Can you forgive me and re-
lease me, my beautiful Viola? If you can and you will, be-
lieve me I shall ever be,

Your grateful,

Jack.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 25.

DARLING JACK:

This is the third attempt I have made to write
you to-night. I don't know what's the matter. I hardly
know how to begin. I'm in a quandary and even you,
Jack, can't help me out of it. I feel like crying. I am
crying. After all, too, that I have written you, that it
should come to this, and I to be married to you in June!
Oh, it mustn't be Jack, it can't be, and it won't. Jack,
I'm a fraud. Yes, I know it and I want you to know it.

too, before it's too late, and that's why I'm writing you to-
night. It's just unpardonable, when you have so idealized
me, Jack. It's even more than that; it's cruel; but at any
cost I feel to-night that I can act the part no longer. I
must lay the whole truth at your feet, dear, even if it kills
me. I do not love you, dear. I never loved you. I was
just pretending last summer at the Pier. I saw at once
that you were infatuated with me, and I liked the game.
I liked your flowers, too, and our lunches and sails and
drives. I felt so proud of my conquest in securing the
cream of the men. At first you merely amused me. Later
on you interested me, and then, at last, I was really
fascinated. You did make life at the seashore for me one
blissful dream. I enjoyed it all immensely. Doubtless if I
had staid on in New England indefinitely, I'd have gone
the full length and married you. But I didn't. And after
all, to a Californian, there is no place like 'Frisco. I love
it. I shall never leave it again, not even for the effete
East. I am so happy here. There is a breadth about
it. I can breathe again; I can live. Then Jack—and
here comes the hardest part of the confession—there is
Billy. Billy is a great, big athlete, a typical Californian
who adores me. He has loved me ever since I was in
short dresses, and I?—Well, I never loved any one else.
For the sake of our future happiness, dear Jack, I hope
you will see this matter in a common sense light and—call
our engagement "off." Of course I'm sorry about it. Now
don't do anything desperate, Jack. Please don't! And if
only for the sake of the good times we did have, forgive
me, dear. You will now, won't you? Say that you will.

In the meantime, I remain,

Your very good friend,

Viola.

THE BIRTH OF A WORLD.

BY FRANCIS LEGGE.

ON the 21st inst. the constellation Perseus, of a
world," is an announcement that might have
appeared in the morning papers of February
22d of last year. It would, indeed, have been two or
three years late, if we take into account the time that it
takes the light of the stars to reach us; yet it was only on
the evening of the day named that Dr. Anderson, while
searching the sky from the Edinburgh Observatory, per-
ceived a new star in a part of Perseus where a photograph,
taken at Harvard, showed that no star had been on the
night of the 19th. At first it seemed a star of between the
second and third magnitudes; then it increased rapidly in
brightness, and then faded away until it is now hardly
visible. As its spectrum showed that much of its brilliance
was due to an outburst of incandescent hydrogen gas, all
astronomers made haste to agree that its appearance was
the sign of some such catastrophe in the heavens as a
collision between two huge masses of matter, and that we
were, therefore, assisting at the birth of a new world, or
even of a new system.

What makes this the more directly interesting to us is
that it must have been in this sort of way that our own solar
system—one of the tiniest and most insignificant of the
thousands which revolve around, as some think, one of the
stars of the Pleiades—was born. According to the now
generally accepted theory, which Kant was the first to put
forth and the great Laplace to demonstrate, our universe
was once a nebula, or mass of incandescent hydrogen, ex-
tending from some undefined point beyond one extremity
of the orbit of Neptune to a similarly distant point beyond
the other. As age after age passed, this vast expanse of
flaming gas began to lose some of its heat, and here and
there throughout the mass appeared whirlpools or spirals
such as the greater number of the nebulae, or fire-clouds
seen in the sky through our telescopes are known to be.
The greatest and most central of these spirals became our
Sun, which still retains the lion's share of the heat once
possessed by the whole system. The others gradually
changed into his planets as the flaming hydrogen, con-



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tinuing to cool, transformed itself, under laws of which we as yet know nothing, into the eighty and more elements which our earth contains, and passed from the gaseous into partly liquid and partly solid form. Another immense space of time, and the Moon, perhaps from the explosion of some tremendous volcano, or, as Sir Robert Ball thinks, by a tidal influence acting upon the masses of molten rock, was split off and hurled to her present distance from the Earth, while no doubt similar forces were producing similar results in the bosoms of the other planets. And, meanwhile, the whole mass was always shrinking and shrinking as the spirals formed it into denser and denser whirlpools, and the free gas in the intermediate spaces disappeared, until the Sun and his attendants, still contracting as they cooled, stood out pretty much as they appear to-day. Then came more millions of years, during which the earth's crust cooled and hardened, and the torrential rains generated by the mixture of oxygen and hydrogen poured down upon it, washing the detritus of the bare rock into pits and valleys, and causing rivers and seas to appear. And then in these seas there appeared life, and the sea plants left by the receding waves grew into land plants, and the earth became fitted for the habitation of animals, and the simple cell-like being we call *moneron* stirred in the depth of the waters, and gradually evolved into higher and more complicated forms, until the supreme day, when:

"crept forth the Elect, the Ascidian
From the mixture of sea and slime,

and the ancestor of man crawled upon the earth. Such was the process which all who study these matters agree took place in our system, and it may be the beginning of some such process that we have just seen in Nova Persei.

But, although this may be the beginning of the process, it cannot be the beginning of the story. What is it that has produced this violent outburst of flaming gas? The collision of two rushing streams of meteorites, says Sir

Norman Lockyer. The impact of one non-luminous body in the heavens crashing into another similar one, Sir Robert Ball seems more inclined to think. But, in either case, the meteorites or the dark bodies must have been there to collide, and the question to be determined is, what were they before they became meteorites or "dark stars?" As for the meteorites, I suppose no one now doubts that they are small fragments of matter separated from a world in course of evolution by a convulsion such as that which gave rise to the Moon. And what can the dark stars be but worlds that have so far cooled in the course of countless ages of life that they have lost the power of shining either with original or borrowed light? If this be so, may it not well be that, instead of the collision which we have witnessed in Nova Persei being fortuitous—even if there be such a thing as fortuitous movements in the ordered universe—one of these dark bodies may have been for aeons on aeons revolving round its own sun, until, drawn nearer and nearer by the attractive force of the larger mass, it has fallen plump into it, with the result of an enormous immediate development of heat and light?

Does this give us any clue to the ultimate end of our own little system? Some authors have thought so, and Clemence Royer—the talented Frenchwoman, whose death in one of those almshouses which are provided for impecunious talent in nearly every European country except England, the whole Press has deplored—in her last book, *La Constitution du Monde*, draws an apocalyptic picture of the fate which is coming upon it. First, she says, the Moon, which, according to her calculations, is every day creeping nearer to the Earth, will draw closer with increasing speed as she begins to feel the full force of the Earth's attraction. This will cause a huge increase of the tides, which will rise to the size of veritable tempests, and perhaps, (although Mme. Royer does not say so) to the outbreak of volcanoes now supposed to be extinct. When the

actual shock comes it will cause the development of such enormous heat that all life upon the Earth will cease, although, curiously enough, she considers it possible that the Moon may rebound after the first impact, and thus allow the temperature to once again fall. Yet that the Moon will at last sink into the Earth's mass she has no doubt. Before then, probably, the Sun will in like manner have absorbed Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the inferior planets, and the Earth, now swollen by the addition of the Moon, will be carried with increasing pace into the same vortex. Then will come the turn of Jupiter and Saturn, while Uranus and Neptune will be brought from the limits of our system to occupy the orbits of the other two. Finally, even Uranus and Neptune will be swallowed, and the Sun, whirling through space for a time in solitary grandeur, will burst with a tremendous explosion, that will retransform him into a gigantic nebula, which will in turn give birth to new worlds. How much there is of poetic fancy in this picture it is hardly worth while to inquire; yet the main idea is based on the ascertained fact of the conservation of matter, and there can be little doubt that, if Mme. Royer's prophecies were to come true, the matter thus dissipated would be used over again in some other form. As, too, she considerably postpones the first of these convulsions of Nature to some date millions of years hence, we are not perhaps immediately concerned in the accuracy of her forecasts; but there is one side of the matter which she has not touched, and on which some of us may feel a pardonable curiosity. This is, whether the new worlds to be thus created will be mere reproductions of the old, or whether Nature, instead of monotonously treading the same weary round, will turn her attention to producing something better. In other words, is the evolution of worlds, as of animals, on the whole, making towards progress, and if, as has been said, "the struggle for life has reached the stars," will the fittest survive there as here?

MRS. ASTOR ON "GENTLEMEN."

BY LEWIS B. ELY.

If correctly quoted, Mrs. Astor has given us a new idea of the gentleman. In substance, "Gentlemen are only to be found in the ranks of the college-bred."

If the lady means that society's gilded youth is only to be found in the college ranks she leaves scant room for discussion; it is nearly true that the so-called chappie is culled from there. The lady is not to be quarreled with until her meaning is understood—perhaps not then. If by "gentlemen" she intends to imply "society gentlemen," all well enough. Her point of view may make all the difference. If by "gentlemen" she simply means, or means simply, those with whom she is most familiar, whom she most admires—nobody cares. For instance, it is scarce worth an argument to determine whether her beau ideal, Harry Lehr, Esq., is the true type of gentleman and, if so, whether he was college-bred or not—unless some college man resent the imputation. As implied, within her own sphere her statement may be correct.

On the other hand, applied to humanity at large, the "college bred" assertion is about as convincing as if she had said, "Gentlemen are only to be found in the ranks of the dancing school."

True gentlemen there have been, graduates of both places; yet Abraham Lincoln knew little about either. Unless American ideals are all wrong or history misinforms, there have been gentlemen heroes, poets, warriors, scholars, statesmen, scientists and what not, who never saw the inside of a school-house, much less Haircut and Yell Universities. Indeed, there seems very little use in picking a crow with Mrs. Astor. The universal gentleman needs no defence in any case.

That he was rather a creature of quality than of circumstance, seems to have been the conception of Lord Chesterfield.

Shakespeare's composite gentleman was a man of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities; valiant and brave; noble and just; free-hearted and amiable; sometimes learned. By the way, what are the attributes of the composite gentleman in Mrs. Astor's set, in addition to his "frat" pin?

The "grand old name of gentleman" stands for a broadly human creature, half divine, whom all the world loves wherever it finds him. Nature's nobleman is the same to-day, yesterday and forever and the world knows him when it claps eyes on him, whether at Mrs. Astor's or at Mrs. O'Hooligan's. He may be a prince in satin or a peasant in jeans.

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, relates of one he discovered: "Last winter a superannuated fisherman died in a little Yankee village. He was rough enough in aspect to delight a painter. If he could read and write it was all he could do. But there was about the man a certain dignity of self-respect which made him at ease with whomsoever spoke to him, which made whomsoever spoke to him at ease with him. I have heard few more fitting epitaphs than a phrase used by a college friend of mine who knew the old fellow as well as I: 'What a gentleman he was!'"

From the Yankee fisherman, in an ascending scale, there are 1,142 grades of gentleman, including Mrs. Astor's kind. So far as we are able to judge, after the most careful deliberation, there is only one,

out of the whole 1,142 kinds, who depends solely upon "college breeding" for distinction—Mrs. Astor's gentleman. There is really no quarrel at all.

March 14, 1902.

MR. FRANCIS AND THE FAIR.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In your issue of March 6th, you close a "reflection" anent the visit of Prince Henry with the words: "The Fair in 1903 will be a mistake."

I am a constant and interested reader of the MIRROR, and I have lately been visiting in many States, as far West as Puget Sound. By reason of my observation on that trip, and my observation here, I am constrained to take issue with your statement.

There is a strong and growing feeling throughout the country, that the prime and ulterior purpose of the Fair is the nomination of D. R. Francis for President in 1904. If this is not true, its management will have to show conclusively that such is the fact, or lose the sympathy and co-operation of the country. And then the Fair may be postponed until 1905 with the assurance that most of the States and even foreign countries will participate—being given more time for preparation. If it is true, you can see how a postponement beyond the limit of campaigning would defeat its object.

There is no doubt that ex-Gov. Francis was a prime mover in the Fair from its inception.

There is no doubt that Mr. Francis is working throughout the country in the several States for Democratic support for the nomination. He is president of the Fair.

Can you tell me how the Fair management can divorce its purposes from those of Mr. Francis? And can you see how doubly difficult it is to be for the Fair to secure the co-operation of non-political elements, and of those more or less political in character—but unfriendly to Mr. Francis—and I assure you there are such.

I submit this, written in all friendliness to St. Louis and the Fair, and I believe there are many who would appreciate an expression from you on the subject.

Respectfully,

One Who Thinks He Thinks.

CHICAGO, March 15th, 1902.

The origin of the umbrella and its evolution to the present useful and often times elegant article is succinctly set forth in a prettily illustrated booklet issued by Namendorf Bros. There are also valuable bits of information regarding the proper care of parasols and umbrellas embodied in this brochure. Numerous illustrations of latest modes in handles for evening, afternoon and carriage parasols, form one of its attractive features, and "my lady," after a careful perusal, will have no doubts as to just what is the "proper thing" in sunshades and rain protectors. Namendorf Bros. have an array of umbrellas and parasols that are quite bewildering. The person who could not find an umbrella at his store to accord with his taste would indeed be hard to please.

NATURAL MIRRORS—The Lawyer: "You say that you were walking behind this woman, could not distinguish her figure because of the cape she wore, saw nothing of her face, and yet knew that she was a very pretty woman. How do you account for that?" The Witness: "Well, I could see the faces of the men coming toward me."—Life.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gray are sojourning in London.
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Magee returned last week from Hot Springs, Ark.
Mr. [and Mrs. Joseph Ramsay, Jr., left last week for Asheville, N. C.
Miss Adele Trotlicht returned last week from a visit to friends in Detroit.
Miss Lucy V. Semple Ames has for her guest Mrs. Robert Floyd Jones.
Mr. and Mrs. M. B. O'Reilly are making a stay of several weeks in Cuba.
Mrs. Jim Price has been entertaining Mrs. Daniel Boone, of Kansas City.
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Horton are among the St. Louisans making an Egyptian tour.
Mrs. Robert Ringen has returned after several weeks spent in New Orleans and Cuba.
Mrs. Alex Penny and Miss Bessie Penny have returned from a visit to Asheville, N. C.
Miss Blanche Brancouier has left Ireland with a party of friends on a Continental tour.
Mrs. J. B. Case has gone back to her suburban place in Webster Groves for the summer.
The Acephalous Euchre Club was entertained, on Tuesday afternoon, by Mrs. Richard Barrett.
Mrs. Leroy Valliant is visiting her brother and his family, Mr. Tom Worthington, at Leota, Miss.
Miss Laura January and Miss Mary Dorsey, of Columbia, Mo., are visiting Mrs. Amelia January.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koehler and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lambert have gone on a visit to Florida and Cuba.
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Atwood, of Ferguson, are guests of their father, Dr. Le Grand Atwood, of St. Louis.
Mrs. Douglas Robert, has gone on to Ferguson to make a visit to her sister, Mrs. Robert Mittenberger.
Mrs. Edward Cunningham has been entertaining her cousin, Miss Florence Tush, of Ferguson, Mo.
Mrs. Charles Cummings Collins, accompanied by her two daughters, is visiting friends in Little Rock, Ark.
Mrs. Gracia Walton, of Greenville Miss., will arrive in St. Louis next week, to spend some time with relatives.
Mrs. David J. Baker has returned from Springfield, Mo., and is again with her sister, Mrs. D. C. Nugent.
Miss Mabel Holmes left last Tuesday for Washington, D. C., there to join a party for a tour of the South.
Mrs. Keller, of West Pine boulevard, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Louise Keller, is at Hot Springs, Ark.
Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Yost gave a World's Fair entertainment on Wednesday evening, assisted by Miss Bessie Morse.
Mr. and Mrs. James C. Stuart will remain in England to witness the Coronation festivities and afterwards visit Italy.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Keith, recently arrived here from Kansas City, are at home to friends at 3938 Lindell boulevard.
Mrs. Ben. C. Lindsay, accompanied by her daughter, is in Kansas City visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Quisenberry.
Mrs. William McCullough will leave about April 1st, for the South. During her absence Mrs. Samuel Pryor will occupy her home.
Mr. Frederic C. Bartelle, of New York City, has been the guest of Mr. Whitelaw Sanders for the past week. He returned home Thursday.
Mrs. W. E. Fischel, accompanied by Miss Edna Fischel and Miss Bessie Green, will sail in a few weeks to spend the summer in European travel.
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Seward have returned from their bridal trip and will be at home to friends on the third and fourth Fridays in March.
Mrs. Eva V. Pedrick has sent out invitations for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Roberta Virginia Pedrick, and Mr. William Justus Conway, of Bonne Terre, Mo. The ceremony will take place March 26th.
Mrs. Louise Sumner gave a pretty luncheon Wednesday to her Cousin, Mrs. Henry Stuart Butler, of St. Joseph. Among those present were, Mesdames Chas. Huttig, J. C. Birge, Finis Marshall, E. B. Leigh, W. B. Sheldon, Franklin Spencer, Miss Butler and Mrs. Dr. Johnson, of Collinsville, Illinois.

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AT THE OPERA.

MRS. RUFFSEGE—Oh, John, do look at Mrs. Van Buntington's corsage.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Don't, my dear, now don't! Here I've been trying not to as hard as I can.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—H'm, I might have known you'd have noticed it before this.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Just one look, only one. You can't expect everything of a poor, weak, mortal man, you know.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—Well, did you ever see anything like it?
MR. RUFFSEGE—Ye-es, once—on a French poster.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—John!
MR. RUFFSEGE—Yes, my dear?
MRS. RUFFSEGE—You needn't be vulgar.
MR. RUFFSEGE—What can you expect, my dear, if you will call my attention to such exhibitions?
MRS. RUFFSEGE—But I meant the corsage itself.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Is there any?
MRS. RUFFSEGE—Why, of course.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Well, it takes a woman's eye to discern it.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—(after a pause)—What are you thinking about, John?
MR. RUFFSEGE—I'm not going to tell.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—Why not?
MR. RUFFSEGE—You'd better not know.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—I insist.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Now, really, my dear, I don't want to tell.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—It's something perfectly disgustingly horrid, I know.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Well, I don't believe you would like it particularly.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—Men are perfect beasts.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Not if they know enough to keep their mouths shut, my dear.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—If you don't tell me this instant, John, you'll be sorry.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Now, my dear, don't insist, I beg of you. You won't like it at all, honestly you won't.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—Tell me this instant what you were thinking. I demand it as your wife.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Well, if you must know—but you'd better not. I warn you.
MRS. RUFFSEGE—I must, this minute.
MR. RUFFSEGE—Well, I was thinking how glad I was that you were too skinny to be tempted to wear such—
MRS. RUFFSEGE—John! You brute! Oh, wait till I get you home!

Town Topics.

The reign of the winter king is past, and the rain of spring is descending in copious showers, revivifying the earth, giving new life to the country and the town. The buds are on the lilac bushes, ready to burst into blossom; and in the stores they are choosing their Easter clothes. But the most important consideration, these moist spring days, is to have the feet snugly incased and protected in a pair of neatly fitting shoes, shoes such as Swope sells. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Casey: "Did ye hear about poor Flannery?" Cassidy: "Sorra the word."
Casey: "Shure, the big stame hammer in the foundry dropped on his chist an' killed him." Cassidy: "Well, Oi'm not surprised for he always had a wake chist.—Philadelphia Press.

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In making Easter Gifts of Jewelry, Pearls and Diamonds are considered especially appropriate, but other precious gems are also in favor. Dainty Chatelaine Watches, Pearl and Diamond Brooches and Stick Pins, Solid Gold and Silver Crosses and Crucifixes are among the articles mostly in favor for personal ornament. For the home there are Candlesticks, Candelabra, Lily Vases, Book Marks.

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A VISIT TO A NOVEL FACTORY.

Like most mechanical products, historical novels are now manufactured upon the "Standard" principle. They are made up of one thousand six hundred and thirty-nine parts separately cast and automatically assembled by a traveling crane and an immense hammer operated by hot air. The plot of the novel is of molten steel, the chief dramatic situations dating back to the time of Adam, who no doubt raised Cain with them. The villains are made of scrap brass and pig iron; the heroines, of the best grade of imported sawdust soaked in a strong solution of mushmolly. The composition of the hero is a manufacturer's secret. His sword blade, however, is of the finest tempered steel, villain-proof, and capable of drenching a palatial staircase or a barren winter landscape with the rich life blood of his foes, the number of dead being limited only by the regulations of the local board of health.

Here and there, in the thickest part of the plot, are cast many bomb-proofs, fitted up in luxurious style, to serve as places of refuge for the heroine in her personally conducted tour of hairbreadth escapes, when the villain with that cold, hard glint in his eyes has sworn in his courtly, polished fashion to get her into his power. The "Ha! Ha!," by the way, is now omitted from the "processing" of standard villains. Attached to the main shaft of the plot is a patent converter, whereby, at will, upon the pressure of a button, the novel is caught by a pickerless picker and transformed into a nameless contrivance with a false bottom, that is sold to the trade for a drama. The final process in the manufacture of the novel is coloring: the assembled fabric is first pounded black and blue, and then dipped into a red-hot dye-vat of patent "historical atmosphere." The components of this atmosphere are extracted by cranks from historical manuscripts and records, the punctuation and spelling thereof being chilled and blistered by the Bessemer process to give the effect of originality.—Lucas, in New York Life.

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Lady: "In my boudoir arranging my hair."
Lawyer: "And were you there also?"
Lady (indignantly): "Sir!"

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THE WILLIE HUGHES THEORY.

BY S. O. HOWES.

Now that the Baconian myth is being revived in the current magazines and fine spun sophistries are resorted to that Shakespeare may be shorn of his honors, it comes not amiss to direct attention anew to a satire which for keen incisiveness, rapier-like thrust at vulnerable points and, while never descending to obvious ridicule, merciless exposure of error, has not been surpassed. Written thirteen years ago, "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," by the unfortunate Oscar Wilde, has circulated in only small and limited editions. This neglect of so exquisite and finished a bit of lampooning is due in part to the squeamish attitude of the Anglo-Saxon publisher who caters and kotows to a public that ever confounds an author's work with his personality. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, has, however, had the temerity to reprint the essay from its first publication in the London *Academy*, in his delicious "Brocade Series."

The reasoning—if I may so dignify what they are pleased to term their mental processes—of the Baconians is entirely from effect to cause, and with a fecundity of imagination worthy of better employment, they have woven a theory that is such stuff as moonbeams are made of. To show the *reductio ad absurdum* of the cryptogram, without openly making faces at it, Wilde has satirized it in an ingenious and, to the Baconian cast of mind, plausible counterfeit, wherein the inspiration of Shakespeare's Sonnets is ascribed to a supposititious player of Shakespeare's day. A less clever man than Wilde would have contented himself with one or two well-directed blows at the cipher fantasy, but he has approached it from all sides by mines and counter-mines until the structure has no solid ground to rest upon.

The "W. H." of the dedication of the Sonnets is commonly held to mean William Herbert, Earle of Pembroke, but *Cyril Graham*, who typifies the Baconian in the Wilde satire, disposes of His Lordship's claims on the unsupported statement that the Sonnets were written before 1598, while Pembroke was yet a youth. I say "unsupported" because they were not published until after Shakespeare quitted the stage, in 1604, but the man with a theory rises superior to mere facts. *Graham* also objects to Lord Pembroke's claims on the score of his noble rank. "Indeed," he says, "whoever he was, he could not have been anybody of high birth, as was shown very clearly by the XXV. Sonnet in which Shakespeare contrasts himself with those who are 'great princes' favorites;" says quite frankly:

'Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars
Unlooked for joys in that I honor most;'

and ends the sonnet by congratulating himself on the mean state of him he so adored:

'Then happy I, that loved and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.'

Having demolished the Earle of Pembroke's claim upon our attention as Shakespeare's source of inspiration, *Cyril Graham* lays fast hold upon the fact that in the Elizabethan drama, female roles were enacted by men and makes that the basis of

his argument. He asks: "Who was he whose physical beauty was such that it became the very corner-stone of Shakespeare's art; the very source of Shakespeare's inspiration; the very incarnation of Shakespeare's dreams? To look upon him as simply the object of certain love-poems is to miss the whole meaning of the poems: for the art of which Shakespeare talks in the Sonnets is not the art of the Sonnets themselves, which indeed were to him but slight and secret things—it is the art of the dramatist to which he is always alluding; and he to whom Shakespeare said:

'Thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.'

he to whom he promised immortality was surely none other than the boy-actor for whom he created *Viola* and *Imogen*, *Juliet*, and *Rosalind*, *Portia* and *Desdemona*, and *Cleopatra* herself."

The skeptical friend to whom *Cyril* confides his discovery is named *Erskine*, and in the opening chapter he is relating an account of the enthusiast and his faith to the narrator of the story, which is told in the first person. "It is of course evident," says *Erskine*, "that there must have been in Shakespeare's company some wonderful boy-actor of great beauty, to whom he intrusted the presentation of his noble heroines; for Shakespeare was a practical theatrical manager as well as an imaginative poet, and *Cyril Graham* had actually discovered the boy-actor's name. He was *Will* or, as he preferred to call him, *Willie Hughes*. The Christian name he found, of course, in the punning sonnets, CXXXV and CXLIII; the surname was, according to him, hidden in the eighth line of the XX Sonnet, where Mr. W. H. is described as

'A man in hue, all hues in his controlling.'

Erskine opposed to this the significant fact that *Willie Hughes'* name does not appear in the list of the actors of Shakespeare's company as it is printed in the first folio, *Cyril*, ever resourceful, "pointed out that the absence of *Willie Hughes'* name from this list really corroborated the theory, as it was evident from Sonnet LXXXVI that *Willie Hughes* had abandoned Shakespeare's company to play at a rival theatre, probably in some of Chapman's plays." *Erskine*, in the absence of tangible proof, clings to the belief that there "ain't no sich person" as *Willie Hughes*. This proof is not long in forthcoming. After a fortnight's absence, *Cyril* returns to town with an old chest which he says he bought at a farmhouse in Warwickshire. "In the centre of the front panel the initials W. H. were undoubtedly carved. It was this monogram that had attracted his attention, and he told me that it was not till he had had the chest in his possession several days that he had thought of making any careful examination of the inside. One morning, however, he saw that one of the sides of the chest was much thicker than the other, and looking more closely, he discovered that a framed panel picture was clamped against it. On taking it out he found it was the picture that is now lying on the sofa. It was very dirty and covered with mould; but he managed to clean it, and, to his great joy, saw that he had fallen by mere chance, on the one thing for which he had been looking. Here was an authentic portrait of Mr. W. H. with his hand resting on the dedica-

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tory page of the Sonnets, and on the frame itself could be faintly seen in black uncial letters on a faded, gold ground, 'MASTER WILL HEWS.' This supplied the link of fact in the chain of fancy that bound *Willie Hughes* to the sheaf of Sonnets and a new convert was gained to the theory, until one day, chancing to glance through a portfolio of drawings of a talented, but obscure artist, *Erskine* happened upon the original sketch of this identical portrait. Confronted with his imposture *Cyril* protested his purity of motive, declaring that the theory itself was not invalidated and that he had employed forgery solely to win over his friend who would not otherwise be convinced. They part in anger, and on the morrow *Cyril*, overcome by the humiliation of defeat and resolving to sacrifice his life to his belief, destroys himself, after bequeathing to *Erskine* the portrait, enjoining upon him to accept the theory and publish it to the world. While *Erskine* has felt strongly attached to *Cyril* and deplors his tragic end, he is too clear-sighted to accept his theory, but his interested listener, who acts as Wilde's mouthpiece, becomes firmly convinced that *Willie Hughes* did live and serve Shakespeare as an inspiration.

Amid the brain-sick vaporings of the theorists, *Erskine's* intelligence shines like a clear flame. To his friend, who declares an intention of publishing to the world the theory, he says: "*Cyril Graham's* faith was fixed in a thing that was false, in a thing that was unsound, in a thing that no Shakespearean scholar would accept

for a moment. The theory would be laughed at. Don't make a fool of yourself, and don't follow a trail that leads nowhere. You start by assuming the existence of the very person whose existence is the thing to be proved. Besides, everybody knows that the Sonnets were addressed to Lord Pembroke; the matter is settled once for all."

The vain imaginings of the Baconians are shown in the absorption in his theme that overwhelms the new protagonist of *Cyril Graham's* delusion. For weeks he shuns all intercourse with his fellows, but remains in his rooms, poring over the Sonnets with frenzied adoration, until *Willie Hughes* beckons and nods to him from every line. In the earlier stages of his obsession he spots the boy-actor only in the verses where such allusions smack of plausibility. This affords pleasing entertainment to the reader. But as he becomes more and more obsessed by the idea, he wears by constant reiterations of *Willie Hughes*, when Shakespeare's purpose is plain to apostrophize some one of the other sex. Therein Wilde exemplifies to the highest degree his skill as a satirist. The ingenuity of the cryptogramist, at first amusing, afterwards grows tedious and, if persisted in, becomes finally nauseous.

But let us watch the unfolding of the idea in the enthusiast's brain-cap. "Every day," he says, "I seemed to be discovering something new, and *Willie Hughes* became to me a kind of spiritual presence, an ever dominant personality. I could almost fancy that I saw him standing in the shadow of my room, so well had Shakespeare drawn

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him, with his golden hair, his tender flower-like grace, his dreamy, deep-sunken eyes, his delicate mobile limbs and his white, lily hands. His very name fascinated me. *Willie Hughes!* *Willie Hughes!* How musically it sounded! . . . When he says to *Willie Hughes*:

'But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.'

"The expression 'eternal lines' clearly alludes to one of his plays that he was sending him at the time, just as the concluding couplet points to his confidence in the probability of his plays being always acted." It was in the nature of things for him to hold minor differences of opinion with the discoverer of the theory; so while *Graham* believed it was *Chapman* who persuaded *Willie Hughes* to leave *Shakespeare's* theatre for his own, he was equally sure that it was *Christopher Marlowe*. He says: "That *Shakespeare* had the legal right to retain *Willie Hughes* in his own company is evident from Sonnet LXXXVII, where he says:

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patient back again is swerving."

He believes, though, that on *Marlowe's* death, *Willie Hughes* returned to *Shakespeare's* company, and makes out as plain a case of it as of his other chimeras.

In these lines, so patently inspired by a woman, his frenzied eye can see naught but *Willie Hughes*:

"Heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell."

In pursuit of his will-o'-the-wisp he searches all Elizabethan literature for mention of the magic name and cries "Eureka" when, in an account of the last days of the great Earl of Essex, he finds that "he called *William Hewes*, which was his musician, to play upon the virginals and to sing." The date of the Earl's death, 1576, precludes the possibility of the boy-actor and the musician being the same, though he thinks it likely that they were father and son. Having clearly established, to his own satisfaction, the existence of *Willie Hughes*, he now thinks upon his probable end, and concludes that, "he had been one of those English actors who, in 1804, went across sea to Germany and played before the great Duke Henry Julius of Brunswick. . . . And it was surely to none other than *Willie Hughes* that, in 1615, the death-mask of *Shakespeare* was brought by the hand of one of the suite of the English ambassador, pale token of the passing away of the great poet who had so dearly loved him. . . . If this was so,—and there was certainly no evidence against it,—it was not improbable that *Willie Hughes* was one of those English comedians (*mimae quidam ex Britannia*, as the old chronicle calls them), who were slain at Nuremberg in a sudden uprising of the people, and were secretly buried in a little vineyard outside the city by some young men 'who had found pleasure in their performances, and of whom some had sought to be instructed in the mysteries of the new art.' Certainly no more fitting place could there be for him to whom *Shakespeare* said: 'Thou art all my art,'

than this little vineyard outside the city walls."

Now we come to the very marrow of the satire. The theorist writes a long letter to *Erskine*, in which he literally puts all his faith, for no sooner has he posted it than a curious revulsion seizes him. He thus describes it: "It seemed to me that I had given away my capacity for belief in the *Willie Hughes* theory of the Sonnets, that something had gone out of me, and that I was perfectly indifferent to the whole subject. What was it that had happened? It is difficult to say. Perhaps, by finding perfect expression for a passion, I had exhausted the passion itself. Emotional forces, like the forces of physical life, have their positive limitations. Perhaps the mere effort to convert any one to a theory involves some sort of a renunciation of the power of credence. Perhaps I was simply tired of the whole thing, and, my enthusiasms having burned out, my reason was left to its own unimpassioned judgment. However it came about, and I cannot pretend to explain it, there was no doubt that *Willie Hughes* suddenly became to me a mere myth, an idle dream, the boyish fancy of a young man who, like most ardent spirits, was more anxious to convince others than to be himself convinced." He hastens to *Erskine's* house with apologies on his lips and to his utter amazement finds that the skeptic has, through his letter, become one of the faithful. It is quite apparent now that the clear-sighted *Erskine* had profited by the wisdom of *Solomon* and had resolved to "answer a fool according to his folly." Two years have elapsed when the quondam theorist receives a letter from *Erskine*, postmarked Cannes, in which he states that "he had tried in every way to verify the *Willie Hughes* theory, and had failed, and that as *Cyril Graham* had given his life for this theory, he himself had determined to give his own life also to the same cause." A hurried journey to Cannes reveals the fact that *Erskine* was truly dead, not by his own hand, however, but of consumption." The physician who had attended him in his last illness gives this account: "Three days before he died he asked was there any hope. I told him frankly that there was none, and that he had only a few days to live. He wrote some letters and was quite resigned, retaining his senses to the last." *Erskine*, fearing a recurrence of his friend's delusion, had feigned suicide, hoping the horror of the deed would dissuade him from such brain-sick imaginings. Wilde does not say this except by implication, and therein lies the supreme artistry of the satire, one of the finest ever penned.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

EDISON COULD HEAR.

Thomas A. Edison is deaf, but like many whose hearing is defective, he sometimes understands what is said when least expected to comprehend. There were visitors one day at his laboratory, to whom, as usual, he was polite, although busy, and he patiently answered many questions unnecessarily shouted at him. Finally one of the visitors, the humorist of the party, said to another: "Everybody would hear if we asked him to take a drink." "Yes," said Edison, looking directly at the man, and smiling, "yes, even I; but no, thank you; not to-day."—*New York Tribune*.

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Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William K. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terra cottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness, but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintanceship. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor, who passed beyond the Hercules pillars. . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and other Poems" is also a failure, as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*). *The Nation* (N. Y.) Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine red ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damozel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

Mr. Mosher's New List of Books, an exquisite little *biblot* in itself, giving a full description of the above works, and all others he has for sale, will be mailed to any address, free, on request.

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MUSIC.

PADEREWSKI, FINANCIER.

The Paderewski matinee was a wonderful demonstration of the little Pole's cleverness as a financier. He is a great, a wonderful pianist, despite the heinous offences against art that he commits, but his pianistic ability is hardly as remarkable as his shrewdness and cleverness in managing the financial end of his work. He induced the people of St. Louis to contribute thirty-seven hundred dollars to his bank account, in amounts ranging from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents, for the privilege of being present at a Paderewski function. It was a genuine, unique, Paderewski function, and the features of the affair that stamped it as such were deliberately planned and carefully executed. Hypnotic influence, personality, or even his art as a pianist, had little to do with bringing about the extraordinary manifestations attendant upon this real Paderewski recital, the potent factor was his consummate cleverness as a financier. The dispossessed owners of the thirty-seven hundred came with the expectation of being worked into a frenzy and must not go away disappointed. This frenzy is a fine advertisement and lays the foundation for future thirty-seven hundreds. And the Paderewski system of calculation is correct and works like a charm.

The rain had perhaps dampened some of the enthusiasm and so, when half an hour after the appointed time Mr. Paderewski faced his audience the greeting that he received was only lukewarm. He looked older than when he last

played here and—a bit frowzy. The aureole has faded, his clothes—a peculiar combination of afternoon, evening, and *negligee* garb—are ill-fitting, and deep lines mark his face. He seemed not in an amiable mood, and, in truth, he had much to bear from the former possessors of the thirty-seven hundred.

In consequence of a thorough drenching, received while coming to the Odeon, some of them had contracted coughs, or "the snuffles," and evidences of these maladies formed an irritating accompaniment to the C sharp minor (the popular "Moonlight") Sonata of Beethoven. Still the performance was masterly but failed to impress the majority of the audience.

The Mendelssohn group followed and the "Spinning Song," played fearfully fast, provoked something of a demonstration, so the wily Pole repeated it. Then came the "Carnival." Regard for the composer did not figure, but its interpretation was beautiful in spots, flashing with color and full of original ideas. The "Pierrot" scene was not Schumann, and the omission of the "Promenade" a decided innovation.

Paderewski seemed in a mad rush to finish—the thirty-seven hundred, though welcome, probably got on his nerves about this time. At the conclusion of the number the audience waxed noisy, but this was the pianist's breathing spell and beyond acknowledging the clamor, he would do nothing. The time for sensationalizing had not yet come.

After the intermission, the Chopin group. The "Nocturne" was astoundingly *rubato*-d, the "Scherzo" gloriously played, the waltz sensationalized. He graciously added a second A flat waltz, by Chopin, to this group.

Two Chopin songs, Lisztized, followed, and then the Liszt Etude in F minor—an irreproachable, an unapproachable performance. The programme ended with the Liszt Polonaise in E major. Paderewski attacked it savagely, and whirled through it and gave a fine bravura ending of smashing chords. Vigorous acclamation and cries for the "Minuet" followed. Now the conditions were right to strengthen the fallacious hypnotism theory. A scintillating performance of "La Campanella," more cries for "Minuet," a knock-about rendition of a Rubinstein waltz, again cries for "Minuet," and waving of handkerchiefs, hats and umbrellas; now the pianist smashed through a Liszt rhapsody—the sixth—renewed yells, everybody standing or crowding closer to the stage and clamoring for the "Minuet." Paderewski, however, ignored the demand—the excitement was not yet at its height—another rhapsody—the second this time—thundered out with marvelous power but disregard for accuracy—a vulgar, cheap performance. More cheers, more waving, and then in the dusk of the evening, on an unlighted stage—the "Minuet." At the first notes a feminine shriek of ecstasy pierced the air and a Babel of shouts drowned the sound of the piano.

And so the thirty-seven hundred was invested in a way that it would bring a profitable rate of interest.

But how was it done? By Paderewski's musical art, by hypnotism or clever financiering?

THE CASTLE SQUARE.

"Pagliacci" is being wonderfully well sung and played by the Castle Square Opera Company at the Century this week. It is conspicuously the best performance ever given by this company in St. Louis. This

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THOMAS CONCERTS.

Theodore Thomas and his orchestra will give the last two concerts of the present series at the Odeon on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 4 and 5. The patronage at the last two concerts was not such as would warrant Mr. F. L. Ridgely and his friends, who are guaranteeing the expense of these concerts, in making arrangements for a return of the orchestra next season. The guarantors do not object to the expense of bringing the orchestra here, but they do object to such a lack of appreciation of one of the greatest musical organizations in the world that in a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants six audiences of two thousand people can not be found really interested in the highest forms of musical art. The attendance at the first two concerts given last November was entirely satisfactory and if the same is true of the last two it is probable that the orchestra will return for another series next season. It rests with the musical public of St. Louis to declare at these two concerts whether or not it wishes to ensure to itself for next season the privilege of hearing what is probably

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the greatest orchestra in the world under the greatest conductor this country has ever produced. The programmes will contain a number of novelties and will be on the same popular order as those given during the present month.

A NORDICA RECITAL.

Mr. Homer Moore announces that he has made arrangements with Mme. Nordica for an operatic recital to take place in the Odeon, Thursday evening, April 10. No more enjoyable performance ever took place in St. Louis than the recital which this artist gave here last December. The programme for the coming recital will consist entirely of operatic selections and will begin with Handel and represent the following operas and composers: "Rinaldo," by Handel; "Orpheus," by Gluck; "Figaro," by Mozart; "Fidelio," by Beethoven; "Semiramide," by Rossini; "Norma," by Bellini; "Lucia," by Donizetti; "Oberon," by Weber; "Prophet," by Meyerbeer; "Mignon," by Thomas; "Lohengrin," by Wagner; "Samson and Delilah," by Saint Saens; "Ezerbeth," by Erkel; and "Die Meistersinger," by Wagner. Mme. Nordica will be assisted, as before, by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, contralto, and Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, pianist.

THE UNION MUSICAL CLUB CONCERT.

A dreary afternoon, a beautiful church, a deep-toned organ, an excellent chorus, a great soloist and a most capable conductor: all of these united in making the Lenten concert of the Union Musical Club a memorable one. Everything was harmonious,—there was no jarring note. The reverential spirit of the programme seemed to impress those who listened as well as those who participated. In the Liszt One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Psalm and the Brahms Rhapsody, one almost felt, while seated in the beautiful Unitarian Church of the Messiah, the same solemn and devotional spirit that impresses him while listening to a fine choral service in one of the English cathedrals. Great praise must be given Mrs. C. B. Rohland, whose artistic feeling and deep musical sympathy showed in every bar of the works which she conducted. As for Miss Ringen, it may safely be said that she never sang with more soulful expression. Her work was beyond criticism. The chorus showed to better advantage than before, although the sopranos are somewhat weak as compared to the contraltos. Miss Allen's organ playing was a most excellent feature, and the harp and violin parts were well played by the Misses Lowe and Gray. This performance ranks as the most striking given by the club this season.

SOUSA.

John Philip Sousa and his Band, who come to the Odeon on next Monday afternoon and evening, ought to receive a fine welcome. There will be at the matinee on Monday next one thousand seats at twenty-five cents and an equal number at half a dollar, and at the evening performance the same number is available at fifty and seventy-five cents respectively. The mistake that Innes and his Band made during their recent visit, was to charge top-notch prices. There was no question about the quality of the entertainment, but Innes as well as Sousa has played in this city at popular prices—and there is no art of presentation by which the public can be

convinced that Innes or Sousa "on tour" is worth more than Innes or Sousa playing a long local engagement. Sousa and his Band with three excellent soloists added is worth fifty or seventy-five cents of any music-lover's money and the advance sale of seats shows this judgment very plainly. The Monday afternoon programme is a very interesting one, containing much new music and three fine solos. Special attention is called to Liszt's "Les Preludes," hitherto only essayed by large orchestras, Puccini's "La Tosca" and Massenet's "Scenes in Naples."

CREATORE.

Ellery's Royal Italian Band now playing at the Odeon is giving general satisfaction and doing a profitable business. Its previous visit marked it as one of the leading organizations of its kind now touring the United States and the fact that it plays at popular prices is much in its favor. But perhaps the most enjoyment that a visit to the Creatore organization affords is to witness the manner of the musical conducting of Sig. Creatore himself. Nothing more startling and at the same time artistically consistent has been seen here in a long time. As a usual thing the audience at first gets not a little genuine amusement out of Sig. Creatore's antics. Frequently an audible smile greets them; but about the time he reaches the third number on his programme the more discerning portion of the house sees a method in Creatore's apparent madness and also begins to take that virile, strenuous man more seriously, and when after a supreme effort he works up his men to a pitch of tremendous enthusiasm, seemingly calling forth their entire physical force in a tremendous crescendo, the laughter turns to shouts of honest approval the like of which no other conductor has elicited. He must be a man of wondrous reserve force to be able to go through programme after programme with no thought of self, only thought of devotion to his exacting calling. Yet his record shows that he has been doing this very thing in season and out of season many years and seems just now to be at the very best of his endeavor. His programmes are generous and carefully made up and some of his readings of classic scores give these compositions a hitherto unknown meaning. Altogether a Creatore night is one of the things that no student of modern concert band music can afford to miss.

The question now uppermost in the mind of the lady of fashion these spring days, is, where can she best secure her Easter hat? She must be in style; strictly up-to-date. If she wishes a Paris or London creation patterned in the latest style and of the most exquisite materials, she will find it at Sonnenfeld's. They are the sole agents for Connelly Turbans, a hat that is everything nobby, chic.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"Gentlemen," said old man Skinnem, while the committee on entertainment was planning for the visit of the prince, "I would suggest that at the banquet we have champagne bottles, but fill them with beer."

A chorus of dissent met this suggestion, but old man Skinnem continued:

"Well, I only thought I'd lay the idea before you. It seemed to me that it would not only be complimentary but cheaper."—*Baltimore American.*

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OUR TROPICAL TRADE.

General James H. Wilson in an address on "Our Trade Relations With the Tropics" recently delivered at Boston, gives an exhaustive review of the future possibilities in our dealings with Cuba, Porto Rico and other tropical countries. He favors an American Customs Union with all the countries south of us, beginning with Cuba, and, as the benefits are received and felt in our enlarged commerce, extending the Union to other nations. He considers Cuba the most valuable field for commencing the work. It has about 43,000 to 46,000 square miles, or 27,500,000 acres at the least, mostly suitable for raising sugar, tobacco, coffee, fruits and cattle. Of this acreage nearly 13,000,000 acres are uncultured forest. These vast forests consist of mahogany and other hard woods, such as ebony, cedar, Sabice and granddill, all valuable for manufactures, cabinet work and ship-building. The importance of these hard woods of the Cuban forests is a source of enormous revenue to their island owners. The palm is the queen of the Cuban forest, and as the uses of this tree are almost universal, its merits need no discussion. The fruits of Cuba are manifold, the orange, the lemon, the lime, pineapple, mango, plantain and others have been articles of staple consumption in the United States for generations, the Havana orange as the leading favorite, excelling those of Sicily, California and other countries and localities. The rivers of Cuba are short and flow toward the north and south; the Cauto as the largest, is navigable for twenty leagues during the wet season, and obstructed by bars in the dry season, when the water is low. This makes room for American enterprise in the construction of railroads crossing and intersecting each other over the island between the interior and its seaports, of which Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas, Cienfuegos and Santiago are the principal points. The altitudes of Cuba vary, one elevation being 7,670 feet above the sea. These high ranges make the interior of Cuba balmy, or to quote General Wilson's words: "It is, indeed, one of the most beautiful, healthful, and inviting islands under the sun;" and while it lies just within the tropics, it can hardly be called tropical.

Cuba's sugar output is about 130,000 tons per annum, it produces coffee and tropical fruits in perfection; its cattle ranges are excellent. Millions of acres are untouched; its annual sugar capacity is about 3,000,000 tons; its tobacco is the best in the world for cigars. Coffee grows nearly everywhere in the island, especially in the hilly and mountainous sections, and its pastures and grass lands are the very best, and will easily support several million head of cattle, or as many as Iowa and Texas. Minerals, such as iron and copper, are plenty.

In the development of these numerous resources, there must be some national highway for the travel and traffic of the nations, and in this connection the conception of "The Overland Route" by Abraham Lincoln appears now in all its grandeur. Senator Benton urged, and later on Mr. Lincoln selected, the Union Pacific as the natural route on which the mighty streams of western commerce would be borne.

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KIPLING'S PRAYER.

Bishop Brewster, of the Episcopal diocese of Connecticut, in his talk to Yale students on "Robust Religious Faith," cited for them the case of Rudyard Kipling when he was critically ill in New York. He said:

"I suppose you young men are more or less readers of Rudyard Kipling. There is no name in English literature that stands more truly for masculinity than Kipling. In fact he is said to be not ladylike enough to suit some of his critics. The story that I am to relate about Kipling, and I suppose none of you have heard it, comes to me first-hand and shows the strong, vigorous faith which is back of the man's writings:

"A trained nurse was watching at the bedside of Mr. Kipling during those moments when the author was in the most critical stage of sickness, and she noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over

him, thinking he wanted to say something to her, and she heard him utter these words: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' that old familiar prayer of childhood days. The nurse, realizing that Kipling didn't require her services, said in an apologetic whisper; 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling, I thought you wanted something.'

"'I do,' faintly observed Kipling, 'I want my Heavenly Father. He only can care for me now.'

"It is this masculine robust religious faith that we see in Kipling's writings," added Bishop Brewster, "and it is a faith which the young men of Yale University may well carry with them in the performance of their daily work."—*New York Sun*.

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 Importers and Sellers of Fine Diamonds.

HER ONLY WITNESS.

She ceased her singing, and going to the window, opened it, and leaned on the sill, her gaze fixed upon the dark street below her.

"To-day, four years ago, he left me," she said to herself, and then sighed. It was a sigh of contentment more than of sorrow. And small wonder.

Her two years of married life had been hell on earth. If he had not gone she would have killed herself. She could not have stood the ghastly life a month, a week, a day longer. Fortunately he went, leaving her without money, alone in New York, without a friend to go to. They had married in 'Frisco, and all those whom she held dear were across the country. They had toured in the small towns for a while, but nothing but ill-luck followed them. Then the drink demon came in and there was an end to everything. And, as I say, he went off, leaving her penniless.

For three years she struggled, then luck turned and good fortune smiled upon her. Her splendid voice, once publicly recognized, brought her in a comfortable income. Unfortunately the Eastern climate did not suit her, and for four or five months in the year she was unable to accept engagements. Her time was not wasted, however. A firm of phonograph manufacturers was only too glad to avail themselves of her services as a maker of "records." It was on this evening that she was so employed. Her phonograph on a table by the fire buzzed softly as it swiftly revolved.

As she turned to close the window the door opened and he entered.

"You!" she gasped.

He nodded.

"Go!" she said, breathlessly; "go!"

"Not yet," he answered, coolly.

"How dare you come here?"

"I'm your husband, remember—unless," he added, glancing round the room—"unless there's another. Not that that makes any difference," he said, with a laugh, "I'm the first; don't forget that."

"If you do not go, I'll have you turned out," she said, white with anger.

"Try it," he said, with a sneer, "try it, that's all."

He took her by the arm and crushed it until she screamed with agony.

"What do you want?"

"Money; that's it. We all want money, but I want it badly. And you've got it. Oh, yes, I've heard of your success, big salary, diamonds, and so on. Capital! Come along, now; the sooner it's over the better. Give me my share." He laughed as he planted himself in front of her, his unshaven face almost touching hers.

"You shall not have a penny," she said, shrinking back. He seized her by the throat and shook her. He cursed, he swore, he threatened to murder her. He forced her to her knees, and she thought he meant to carry out his threat.

How she got free she knew not, but through the pouring rain, breathless and hatless, she fled.

Two policemen took him to the station fighting for his life.

When the phonograph was set going in court it repeated with unerring fidelity the scene of the previous evening; the man's threats, the smashing of china as he threw her down; her screams, the discharge of the pistol which he had aimed at her. Never before had witness given its evidence so clearly—with such unerring accuracy.

He died in prison. She's married again. The "record" adorns the Rogues' Museum in New York City.—*The Chicago Clubfellow.*

BANK ACCOUNT WAS SHORT.

Here is a story of two well-known young Baltimoreans, Mr. Tom Blank and Mr. Dick So-and-So. Each prides himself on being absolutely up-to-date and up-to-snuff in all particulars. Tom called around to see Dick one morning, a short time ago, and had scarcely passed through the door before Dick exclaimed:

"By George! The very man. Say, Tom, I want to go to Boston this afternoon and I need \$75. I wish you'd let me have it. I really wouldn't ask you, but you see my position."

"Yes," replied Tom, "a sort of touch-and-go or no-touch-no-go position. You are better off at home, Dick. It's very cold in Boston."

"Somewhat frosty here, too, it seems," said Dick. "But it's all a joke, old man. Come in and sit down."

"Haven't time," said Tom. "I just stepped around to see if you wouldn't let me have that \$100 you already owe me—if it's perfectly convenient."

Dick seemed to make a hurried mental calculation, and then told his friend that he didn't think he had quite that much in bank.

"But you can go down and see," he added.

So Tom took the check, invited Dick to go to the theatre with him that evening, and hurried down to the bank. The paying teller took the check, strolled back, looked at Dick's account and returned to the window, shaking his head.

"How much does it take to make it good?" asked Tom.

"Not allowed to tell," replied the teller.

Tom went to the receiving teller and deposited \$10 to Dick's credit, but that didn't make the check good. Another \$10 and still others were put up, with the same result, until Tom began to perspire and the bank people to laugh. Finally Tom deposited his tenth \$10, with the remark that it was a tough game to be up against, and he again presented the check, only to be met with another shake of the teller's head and the information: "Very sorry, Mr. Blank, but that account was somewhat overdrawn."

Tom gave up and dashed out of the bank. He had no sooner gone than Dick sauntered in, and asking how much he had to his credit, was told \$95.

"Just cash me this check for \$90," he said, "and if you see Tom Blank to-day tell him I'm awfully sorry I cannot be able to see him this evening, as I have decided to take that little Boston trip we were talking about this morning."—*Baltimore Sun.*

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and works off the Cold.**

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

TRUTHFUL CITIZEN.

"What have you ever done to deserve the office to which you aspire?" asked the voter.

"Nothing," answered the candidate, frankly. "If I had ever done anything to thoroughly qualify me for so important a position, I could probably make a great deal more money as a private citizen."—*Washington Star.*

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PLEASE KISS THE BEARER.

The Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin college, who formerly preached to a Chicago congregation, tells a little story concerning an experience of his own that may be worth passing along. It was at the time that Dr. Barrows was making arrangements for the holding of the great congress of religions here. He had an immense correspondence to take care of, and found it necessary to employ a stenographer. The young lady was pretty. It is not to be inferred that there are any but pretty lady stenographers, but the one employed by Dr. Barrows was especially comely.

The doctor fitted up a workroom on the third floor of his house, where he and the stenographer toiled hard, day after day, undisturbed by callers and well away from the noises of the streets.

The work of preparing for the congress was still going forward on the 14th of February, when the doctor's little son became excited over the sending and receiving of valentines. The boy had been running about the neighborhood handing love tokens to the children he knew and many had come to him, when he remembered he had a father up on the third floor, in addition to the One in heaven. Going to his mother, he proposed that they send up a valentine.

"Well," said Mrs. Barrows, "it is very nice of you to remember father. How would it do for me to write a valentine for him and let you take it up?"

The boy was delighted at the idea and his mother wrote upon a sheet of paper:

"Please kiss the bearer."

This she placed in an envelope, which was properly sealed and addressed to the doctor. The boy started upstairs with his valentine, but he had been running a good deal during the morning and his legs were weary. When he had reached the second floor he met the pretty stenographer, who had started out after postage stamps, or something, and asked her if she wouldn't be kind enough to hand the note to his father.

She took the envelope, gave the child a pat on the cheek and ran back upstairs, where—perhaps prompted by feminine curiosity—she waited while Dr. Barrows opened his valentine and read, in his wife's handwriting:

"Please kiss the bearer."

Here is where Dr. Barrows always cuts the story off.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A READY ANSWER.

Little Bobbie G—, although only 7 years old, always has a ready tongue and a quick answer, which is the delight of all those who know him. Frequently Bobbie's wits save him rebuke from the parental wrath, as they did only recently. Bobbie had been naughty and his mother deemed it necessary to chastise him with a small switch, of which he stood in great dread, although it was a very frail instrument of punishment. The mother got down the switch and called her son to her. He came reluctantly.

"Bobbie," she said, gravely, "I am very sorry that I will have to whip you."

"If you are so sorry," came the quick answer, "I will forgive you and you needn't whip me, mamma."

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Of course a healthy romping boy will be hard on any clothes—but we believe that our five dollar suits for boys of three to sixteen are the best wear resisting clothing possible to be had—Sailor style in strictly all-wool serge—strongly made goods—trimmed in silk Soutache for the boy up to ten, and well tailored—taped seam—double seat and knees for him of six to sixteen—to be had in the Boys' Clothing Annex, Olive Street side.

The important point in regard to our girls' suits is—goodness of fabric and excellence of needle craft. The are well made, stylishly made, and will give all the service that they agree to—plain little frocks for ordinary wear and most dainty little gowns for dress up—clothing for the baby—the little girl and the almost grown up.

The new lots shown at our millinery opening for children and misses are stylish, simple—yet full of style and very moderately priced—the new school hats with patent leather crowns at once take the school girls' artistic eye.

School hosiery—this is one of the clothing needfuls that we pride ourselves on—stout, durable school stockings for boys and girls—double just where the extra wear comes—hose that keeps its color—the sort of hose that the thrifty mother is looking for at prices that meet with her hearty approval.

For the growing girl there are corsets and girdles that we thoroughly endorse—we would like to show you their good points. You will be pleased.

You are invited to a demonstration of the merits of Amolet's knitted Spring underwear for women, infants and children, beginning Friday, March thirty-first.

Broadway, Olive and Locust streets.

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EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God!

—W. H. Carruth.

FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER MCCREA.

You might search the world's ends,
But you'd find no such friends
As Father O'Shea and Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;

And O! such a volley of fun they were
pokin'

The one at the other, as good as a play,
With their ready replies an' their innocent
jokin'

When Father O'Shea met with Father
McCrea.

Now, upon a March Sunday it came for to
pass

Good Father McCrea

Preached a good, fine sermon, and then after
mass,

Met Father O'Shea.

"'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent
You delivered this minute,

For the season of fasting 'twas very well
meant—

I could find no meat in it,"
Said Father O'Shea:

Then as quick as the laughter that gleamed
in his eye.

Good Father McCrea

Raised a hand disapprovin' and made his
reply

To Father O'Shea:

"Faith, I'll have to be working a miracle
next

To comply with your wishes,
Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir,
when the text

Was the 'loaves and the fishes'?"
Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea.

Though you'd search the world's ends
You would find no such friends
As Father O'Shea and Father McCrea.

Anon.

"When passing behind a street car, look
out for the car approaching from the opposite
direction."

COLLECTED HIS BILL.

This is not a story about cold weather,
but it is a good one for cold weather reading.
It happened one nice, warm night last
summer.

A local young lawyer had a bill to collect
from a man who had the money to pay it,
but refused, and whom it was useless to sue,
because his property was all in his wife's
name.

The young lawyer belongs to a mandolin
club, and, with a party of four of the other
club members, all with their instruments,
was returning from practice late one night,
and, it chanced, passed the house of the
man that owed the bill.

"Boys," said the young lawyer, struck
with an inspiration and explaining the situa-
tion to them, "let's sit on this old duffer's
porch and play a couple of tunes. I'll make
a bluff, and maybe I'll get that money."

The plan was agreed to, and in a moment
the five were strung out along the porch of
the man's house, twanging their mandolins
and singing that well known serenade, "Oh,
Promise Me," as follows: "Oh, promise me,
some day you'll pay that debt. You've
promised, but you haven't paid it yet."

It was less than three minutes before a
window in the second story went up with a
bang, and the man who owed the bill stuck
his head out.

"W'at'ell?" he inquired in that nice,
courteous tone ordinarily used by men placed
in a similar situation about 1 a. m.

The situation was explained to him, and
the young lawyer added: "We've got a few
more songs left, and we're going through
the whole list and come back again to-morrow
night if you don't pay that bill. If you have
us arrested you'll be the laughing stock of
the whole town. You've got to pay, and
that's all there is to it."

Like Davy Crockett's squirrel, the man
who owed the bill came down and paid the
money.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

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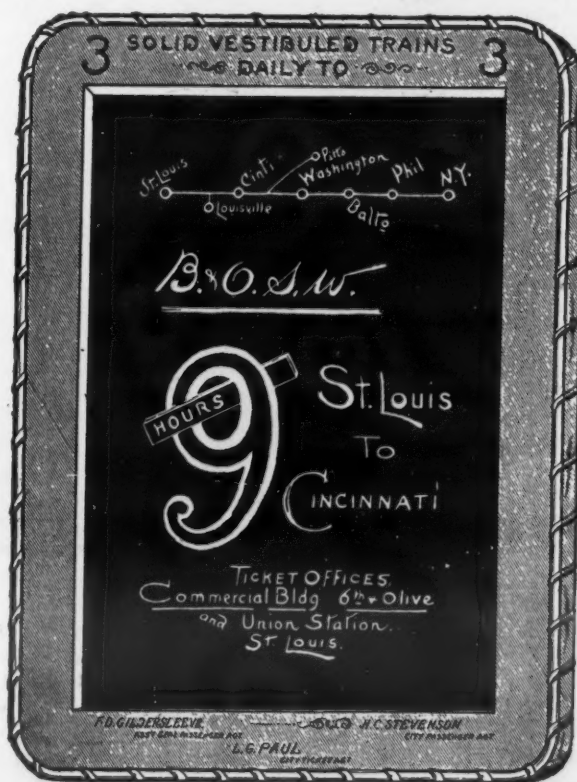
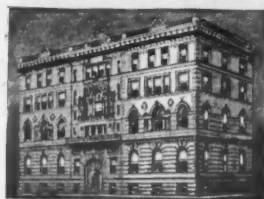
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OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,

A. J. CRAWFORD,
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THE FAMINE IN STEEL.

The remarkable growth and expansion of our iron and steel manufacturing industries in recent years have easily placed us first among the nations of the earth in this particular line, but the fear has been that under present growth of production our surplus goods would hardly find markets sufficient for their consumption unless we seriously disputed and captured those in foreign lands against all comers. Despite the doubling and tripling of the country's output of iron and steel, through the construction of more mills and the invention of labor-saving machines to facilitate the work, the rather anomalous danger of a steel famine and a subsequent panic faces us, and we are becoming an importing instead of an exporting country of steel. This is not due to any need of a higher tariff to protect an infant industry, or to the fact that our manufacturers are behind the times in producing steel on a scale commensurate with the growth of our other industries, but simply to conditions that no human foresight or precaution could have averted.

We have grown so fast in prosperity that it has been a physical impossibility for the steel manufacturers to keep pace with the rapid march of events. To-day our production of pig-iron and finished steel greatly exceeds that of any other country in the world, and yet the home demand is so great that American consumers must go abroad to secure part of their supply. It may, indeed, seem like sending coal to Newcastle to talk of shipping steel rails to American railroads from Germany or England. Yet so far behind delivery are American rolling-mills in supplying steel rails for our roads that several railroads have, in complete discouragement, ordered their supplies of rails from abroad. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad has been driven to the necessity of importing at once some 10,000 tons from abroad. It is said that several other roads have tentatively sent orders abroad for similar importations unless the home mills can make definite promises to supply their needs. This is considered absolutely impossible, from the fact that the steel-mills have already contracted to deliver some 3,225,000 tons of steel rails in the current year to the different roads, the greatest amount ever made in a single year.

The famine in steel threatens to extend to other lines of this mammoth industry. Bridge-building and structural steel office-building have advanced so tremendously in the past few years that consumption of these products has now progressed faster than manufacture. A number of orders for structural steel, billets, sheet, and tin-plate bars have been placed in Germany, and these shipments will reach this country within a short time. At a recent meeting of the independent manufacturers of steel sheets, it was decided to recommend the importation of 100,000 tons of sheet bars from Germany in order to keep their mills running. This was brought about by the inability of the Steel Trust to supply the manufacturers with material in time for their needs.

The threatened famine in steel would affect the bridge-building companies as much as the railroads and the manufacturers of various steel articles. These companies have orders for bridge work ahead for a year or more, and some of them have bridge contracts drawn for foreign countries. With structural steel difficult to secure they will find their work sadly handicapped. It has been customary to speak of the remarkable development of the iron and steel industries

in this country in recent years as dangerous in bringing about a condition of trade where our surplus would greatly exceed the demand, and some even pointed to our exports as a sure indication of an oversupplied market seeking some new outlet. It is quite a different story to see that just the reverse is true.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.



As to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a bitingly clever one. And against the background of manikins, duds, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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SAINT LOUIS MO.

THE STOCK MARKET.

It is the same old market, with a few characteristic variations. There is no activity, except in some manipulated specialties, which can easily be marked up or down. Investment demand is hardly in evidence at these prices, although Wall street subsidized papers continue to harp upon the absorption of a few dividend paying shares at almost fabulous prices. In this sort of a market every statement or prediction must be taken with a good deal more than the usual lump of allowance. Credulity can easily be imposed upon in these piping days of stock-inflation, consolidation and riotous prosperity. The outsiders do not know what is going on, and if they are at all disposed to believe, they can readily be accommodated. Stock-jobbers are ever ready to feed the public with beautiful yarns; their ingenuity may always be counted upon to meet emergencies. In the last few weeks, hitherto neglected issues, some of which are, as a rule, classed among the "cats and dogs" of the list, displayed astounding vim and activity. They achieved a notoriety and importance which cannot but arouse suspicion in prudent quarters. The "cats and dogs" generally move at the beginning of the end. This time, however, the wisacres declare that the moving of obscure stocks, after the recent remarkable and protracted dullness, means the beginning of a strong bull movement. They may be right.

Amalgamated Copper leaped into sudden prominence again in the past week. It dropped to almost 62 on heavy and persistent selling, incited by rumors that the next quarterly dividend (the declaration of which has been postponed for a month) would be passed. Wall street oracles also have it that the pool which has for so long borne a grinding burden and gone through a nerve-racking ordeal in trying to maintain the price of the shares, has at last resolved to let go, and be done with misery and anxiety. Copper is the mystery of Wall street. If all the current reports, or at least some of them, are true, then the trust might as well face the music and plead guilty. Well-informed copper trade organs declare that the combine lost over \$10,000,000 in the past year by its foolish policy of maintaining the quotation of copper at 17 and playing into the hands of its competitors. After all, so far as Amalgamated Copper is concerned, one man's guess is as good as another's. It is all a skin-game, and the outsider is bound to lose, no matter what side he may be on.

The directors of the St. Paul road have declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent, as expected. Surprise is expressed by many people, because the company does not raise the dividend-rate, in view of the big earnings and comfortable surplus on hand. It is likely that the directors want to be assured of good crop prospects before gratifying stockholders with enlarged distributions. St. Paul common is not high at 164, compared with other, and less meritorious, issues of its class, and there is strong reason to believe that some day, in the not remote future, it will be selling at 200 and over. The property is being put on a solid physical and financial foundation. The more money they put into the road, the better it will be in the end for everybody concerned.

Anthracite coal issues are adversely affected by persistent rumors of a miners' strike after April 1st. It is said that there is little hope of agreement among operatives

and miners, and that both sides are very stubborn. Reading, Erie, Ontario & Western and Delaware & Hudson are lower, as a result of this strike talk, but buying at the low prices is very much in evidence. The net earnings of the Ontario & Western, for the past fiscal year, aggregated \$1,694,000, while the net earnings of the Reading system amount to almost \$11,000,000. The Jersey Central's surplus, after all charges, taxes, etc., is equivalent to more than 12 per cent on its capital stock, most of which is held in the Reading Company's Treasury. The above figures fully substantiate the claims of anthracite prosperity, and justify the popularity of stocks of this class with the rank and file of speculators.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is about to issue \$50,000,000 new ten year 3½ per cent bonds, to be convertible into stock, at the rate of \$70 a share (Pennsylvania stock is of the par value of \$50), at the option of the holder after May 1st, 1904. Stockholders of record on March 26th will have the right to subscribe to the bonds at par, to the extent of 25 per cent of their share holdings. The proceeds from the new bonds are to be used for improvements, new equipment and the construction of tunnels under the East and North River (New York City) to new terminals in Brooklyn. The Pennsylvania also contemplates a close connection with a New England road.

There has been a further sharp advance in the value of Rock Island stock. At this writing the stock is selling at 172, or two points above the high level of last summer. It is intimated that the capital stock of the company will be doubled, but those who are generally understood to be on the "inside" say the rise is to be ascribed to syndicate operations, in anticipation of a far-reaching deal. Compared with Rock Island, which pays only 5 per cent, St. Paul common should be worth a good many points more than 164.

Speculative markets abroad have come to a temporary standstill. Kaffirs are weak and lower, and a few stock-jobbers have found it convenient and proper to commit suicide rather than put up with big losses or ruin. Consols dropped about ¾, and Americans are not much in favor at the present time. Some surprise was caused by the announcement that the directors of the Rio Tinto Copper mines had decided to increase their dividend rate. This increase proves that the Rio Tinto people were largely benefited by the unbusiness-like, jackass policy of the Amalgamated Company in this country. The American competitors lost millions, while the Rothschilds, as usual, came out on top.

There is continued talk about the proposed conversion of United States Steel preferred into 5 per cent bond. Competent critics in New York are against the plan and consider it fraught with great danger and indicative of disreputable manipulation. It is said that the plan will provide about \$50,000,000 new working capital, which is badly needed. If that is the case, why did the directors, last July, begin dividend-payment on the common stock, on which they have distributed about \$15,000,000 since? Such financial methods are not likely to enhance the reputation of the Steel Trust in the eyes of careful investors. Sufficient working capital could have been raised in a different and strictly safe and honest manner. Whether the conversion-scheme, if completed, will improve the status of the common shares, remains to be seen. It is very doubtful to ordinary observers.

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Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 - 103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 1, 1906	110 - 111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	June 25, 1907	102 3/4 - 103 3/4
" 4	A. O.	April 1, 1908	104 - 105 3/4
" 3 3/4	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 3/4 - 103
" 3 3/4	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111 - 112
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 3/4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" St. L. & S. 100	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/2 - 108 3/4
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/2 - 110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102 3/4 - 103

Interest to seller.
Total debt about.....\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/4
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 - 104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A. O.	April 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	108 - 105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 3/4	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106 - 106 3/4
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	100 - 101
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101 3/4
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	107 - 107 3/4
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 - 109 3/4
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	116 - 116 3/4
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/2 - 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	89 - 91
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 - 101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	93 1/2 - 93 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	103 - 100 3/4
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102 - 104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 - 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Price.
	val.	Per Cent.	
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300 - 303
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	210 - 212
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902 6 SA	325 - 350
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	263 - 265
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	289 - 291
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180 - 190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	330 - 340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775 - 825
International	100	Mar 1902 1 1/4 qy	167 - 175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p.c. SA	185 - 200
Lafayette	100	Mar 1902, 4 SA	525 - 675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar 1902, 3 qy	267 - 268 3/4
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar 1901, 1 1/4 qy	243 - 245
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160 - 170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar 1902, 2 1/4 qy	334 - 335
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125 - 128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Mar 1902, 8 SA	130 - 135
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110 - 115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	207 - 209
Third National	100	Mar 1902, 1 1/4 qy	259 - 261

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Price.
	val.	Per Cent.	
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		167 1/2 - 169 1/4
Colonial	100	Forming	227 - 228
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02 2 qy	270 - 275
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02 2 1/2 qy	439 - 440
St. Louis	100	Mar. '02 2 qy	377 - 379
Title Trust	100	Mar. '02 1 1/4 qy	124 - 125
Union	100	Nov. '01, 8	463 - 464
Mercantile	100	Mar '02, 1, Mo.	419 - 420
Missouri Trust	100		130 - 131
Ger. Trust Co.	100		203 - 204

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1912 102 3/4 - 103
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 109 - 111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105 - 107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 106 - 107
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115 - 116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115 - 116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 - 106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98 - 103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98 - 103
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 - 101
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103 - 107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 3/4 - 101 1/4
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102 1/2 - 103
St. L. & Sub.		88 - 90
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105 - 105 3/4
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 - 120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112 1/2 - 114
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104 - 106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 - 108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 - 108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 121 - 122
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct. '01 1 1/4	84 1/2 - 85
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	88 1/2 - 8 3/4
St. Louis Translt.		29 - 29 3/4

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Price.
	val.	Per Cent	
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	238 - 239

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Price.
	val.	Per Cent.	
Am. Car. & Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1902 1 1/4	29 - 30
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1 1/4 qy	88 - 89
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150 - 160
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2 - 4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar 1902, 1 1/4 MO	128 - 135
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	19 - 21
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar 1902, 1 1/4 MO	128 - 135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		260 - 265
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901 1	95 - 98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 - 52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110 - 115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3 1/4	116 - 120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar. 1902 2 p. c	89 - 91
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2 1/2	108 - 109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		42 - 45
Mo. Edison com.	100		14 - 16
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02 1 1/4 qy	100 - 101
Schults Belting	100	Jan. '02, 2 p. c	97 - 100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar. 1902, 6 A	175 - 177
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1902 3 1/4 SA	141 - 144
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 SA	143 - 145
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. 1902 1 1/4 qy	16 - 17
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 2 p. c	46 - 48 1/4
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Jan. '99 4 p. c	41 - 43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	45 - 52 1/4
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '95, 2	1 - 1 1/4
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb 1902, 1 qy	72 - 75
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 qy	135 - 145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	232 - 240
Westhaus Brakr	50	Dec. 1901, 7 1/4	176 - 177
" Coupler		Consolidated	48 - 50

The directors of the Southern Railway Company have raised the semi-annual dividend rate to 2 1/2 per cent on the preferred stock. Of course, the directors' action had been discounted in advance. The stock is firm at 97 and should soon be quoted above par. The common shares remain quiet at 32 3/4. There is no great activity in them, and there has not been for some months. It seems, however, that a powerful clique is absorbing all offerings at small concessions, and this, to some extent, tends to confirm the often-circulated rumors that the preferred stock will be converted into bonds, or that the amount of common outstanding will be reduced, in accordance with the bill passed by the Legislature of Virginia more than a year ago.

Money is a little higher, but gold exports have ceased, for the time being, owing to a drop in sterling exchange. Transfer of gold to San Francisco, in connection with the street railroad merger there, continue on a large scale. It is believed, however, that loan reductions will prevent any squeeze in money rates, and that the bears will be given no chance to make a successful attack on the stock list. But, as we all know, something may happen that the cliques did not expect, and then the bruins will have their inning.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is a slightly better feeling in the local market, and prices are somewhat higher. Activity is not very pronounced, however, and sales are considerably less than what they used to be sometime ago. Money is plentiful, but not for indiscriminate buying of inflated stocks. The late slump has had a sobering effect, and purchasers are once more confining themselves to issues of a more substantial and approved character. There are rumors that manipulators were primarily responsible for the late crash. Of course, somebody has to be the scape-goat, and it might be as well to blame the unknown, big manipulator as much as the hair-brained, reckless, petty speculator or gambler.

Third National continues to rise. It is now quoted at 260 bid, with offerings small. This is one of the most deserving bank stocks on the list. Higher prices are expected for American Exchange, Boatmen's and State National.

Trust stocks have had a mixed experience. Colonial Trust has risen to 226, on fairly good demand and talk of a consolidation with the Missouri Trust Company. The stock of the latter company, however, is lacking snap and rather weak at 130. There is good selling on every little advance. Officials of both companies are non-committal in reference to consolidation rumors.

Germania Trust is quiet at 203, and Union Trust is selling at 460. New Mercantile Trust is in demand at 417. Title Guaranty is lower, and quoted at 223 bid, 224 asked. There is hardly any demand

for it, even at these low prices. About a year ago it sold at 175.

St. Louis Transit has firmed up some, and is selling at 29 1/2 again. It has lost some of its former popularity, however. United preferred is in demand at 85 1/4, and the 4s have climbed up to 89.

There is a revival of rumors about lightening consolidation. They will probably make another effort to hoist the quotations for shares of this kind. Mr. Mitchell Harrison, a Morgan agent, was so kind as to allow himself to be caught in the late smash-up on the other side of the river, and to sustain a fracture of his leg, and to accommodate newsmongers and stock-jobbers with vehement protests that he had nothing special to do in St. Louis, and that he would like to remain incognito, etc., etc. On this foundation, they have already reared a marvellous structure of speculative fancy and desire.

New York exchange is at a premium of 25 cents again. Sterling is a little lower and quoted at 4.87 3/8.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, was asked by a correspondent why the Committee on Foreign Relations had enjoined secrecy on the text of the new treaty with Great Britain, when the text of the treaty was printed in all the morning papers.

"Just so, just so," said the Senator; "that's the reason the injunction of secrecy was placed upon the treaty. We knew that if we made it public at once not a paper in the country would print its full text."—Argonaut.

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two letter monogram except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book TEXAS—Free.

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General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Every Man Every Woman Every Child

In the City of St. Louis and vicinity is invited to open a savings account with this company.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

A LENTEN SOLILOQUY.

'Tis the season of ashes and sackcloth
When alms are bestowed,
And gowns made of gray and of black cloth
Are quite in the mode;
When plays get the church's indictment,
And likewise levees;
And all that one has for excitement
Are afternoon teas!

I've given up cards and cotillions,
And coquetry wile;

Stopped envying Mary her millions,
And Gertrude her smiles;
No more for me wagers on winners
With losses to rue!

I've sworn off on *tete-a-tete* dinners—
And chocolates, too!

Till Easter no bill for new bonnets
Will shock poor Papa;

I'm studying Shakespeare—(his sonnets!)
To please dear Mamma!

My freaks and my follies are fewer;
I've scarcely a whim;

And I've cast off each suitor and suer,
But HIM!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Life*.

DECOLLETAGE.

Some social wiseacres of London are prophesying that bare shoulders at daylight functions will not be the mode during the reign of Queen Alexandra. Even in the earlier years of her reign, says the *New York Sun*, Queen Victoria was short and fat. In those days she cared more about her personal appearance than she did later, and she knew that a *decollete* bodice was infinitely more becoming to her than a high collar. So *decolletage* was the rule at court functions during Victoria's reign, and many a woman shivered dismally through drawing-rooms, and took home a cold as a souvenir of the function. Queen Alexandra—tall, slender and blessed with a throat long enough for a choker collar—is not averse to *decolletage*, but she favors the high bodice. At the opening of Parliament she wore a high bodice, blazing with jewels, under her mantle of velvet and ermine, and the rumor has been running around that permission to wear the high bodice will be given. Many an elderly woman, clinging to social responsibility in spite of rheumatism, would welcome the change; but it is doubtful whether even the thinnest of the younger women would avail themselves of the permission. English women have, perhaps from the habit gained through court requirement, become so wedded to the low bodice that English *decolletage* is a proverb, and that in spite of the fact that few Englishwomen have beautiful necks and shoulders. It was Bret Harte who eyed dismally a collection of Englishwomen, and when asked his opinion of them sighed and said they were "much like inferior photographs, over exposed and under developed."

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

Captain: Sergeant, note down Private Grasgrum—three days on bread and water for slovenly turnout on parade.

Sergeant: Beg pardon, Captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him—he's a vegetarian.

"Then give him three days on meat and scup."—*Pick Me Up*.

The Mirror

Magazines at About Half Prices.

All Subscriptions, excepting the *Mirror*, must be new.

The MIRROR and your choice of any of the following dollar magazines:

Woman's Home Companion, Cosmopolitan, Ledger Monthly or Pilgrim, for

\$2.50

The MIRROR and any two of the above, \$3.00. The magazines will be sent to one or different addresses.

OTHER ATTRACTIVE OFFERS:

MIRROR.....	2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,	Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00	Arena.....	2.50	\$10.50	\$7.85
Success.....	1.00			Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,	Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00	Success.....	1.00		
Success.....	1.00			Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.80
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Pearson's.....	1.00		
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75	Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00			Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.00	\$5.50
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,	Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Household.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75	Arena.....	2.00	\$10.50	\$7.35
Success.....	1.00			Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,	Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$3.75	Commoner.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00			Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena or Mind.....	2.50	Price,	Price,	Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$3.90	Truth.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00			Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,	Arena.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$8.50	\$4.85	Critic.....	2.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
Mind.....	2.00			MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Etude.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Arena.....	2.50	\$7.00	\$4.00
Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.60	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.50			Country Gentleman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Donahoe's Magazine.....	2.00	\$8.50	\$5.30
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Bookman.....	2.50		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.10	MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
Critic.....	2.00			Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Regular	Our
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Success.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.50	\$5.25
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.60	Bookman.....	2.50		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00			MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Success.....	1.00	Regular	Our
Pearson's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85	Frank Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.50
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00			The Designer.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Regular	Our
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In this Community it is needless for us to say we Carry the Fullest, Most Varied and Most Complete Assortments of Dry Goods and Other Merchandise in this City!! It is also needless for us to say we have many more Separate and Distinct Departments than any other house has, making our store, then, par excellence, the one store in which all time, trouble and money-saving people should buy!!

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A Collection that any house in America might well be proud of. A few of the Novelties for this week's selling:

Black and Colored Moire Velours from .50c to \$1.25
27-inch Alexandra Royal.

The Twin Silks are the height of perfection in Dress Silks. Undyed, sold just as they come from the loom, made only in natural pongee color, so fashionable to-day. We have them in plain, embroidered stripes and small figures for .75c to \$1.85. They are all washable. See them before buying elsewhere.

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See our Fancy Silks which have just arrived by express. They are perfect gems, from .75c to \$1.00

19 inch Black Taffeta Silks, regular price 49c; our price .39c

27-inch Black Taffeta, double warp, well worth \$1.15, only .85c

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25 pieces of fine quality of Silk Printed Satin Foulards, double warp, beautiful designs, just out, regular \$1.25 quality (see them in our windows), all at .89c

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Silk and Linen Batiste, in exclusive designs; worth 65c—39c and .49c

Fine Grenadine, in black and white, with elaborately embroidered silk stripe and scroll effects—from 50c to \$1.25

Fine French Etamine Grounds, with fine fancy silk stripes and figures ranging in price from 35c to .75c

Silk Mousseline de Soie, in all colors; well worth 45c; this week at .25c

GLOVES.

Our stock of Ladies' Kid Gloves is now complete the largest and best line of Kid Gloves in the city to select your Easter Gloves from. We guarantee every pair, from the cheapest to the most expensive.

A sale of "Fowne's" celebrated Suede Kid Gloves, that sell everywhere at \$1.50; this week, per pair \$1.19

"Fowne's" make, the \$2.00 quality, in colors brown, red, gray, tan, mode, white, actually never sold for less; on sale at \$1.39

For this week only we will sell our \$1.00 Glove, in white, black, biscuit, tan, red, gray, mode, brown, at per pair 69c

Colored Dress Goods.

New Spring Dress Goods just received from France, England and Germany, also from the best manufacturers of America. Among the most popular weaves of the season are the delicate tints in French Voile, Veiling, Crepe de Chine, Canvas Etamine, Crash and Dainty Striped Challies. All of these are shown in profusion. We now offer:

All-Wool Etamine, all spring shades, at 50c

All-Wool Whipcords, all new spring shades, at .50c

All-Wool French Voile, worth \$1.25, at 89c

54-inch All-Wool Fine Broadcloth—in light shades—would be very cheap at \$1.25—at 89c

100 pieces Silk Striped Figured Challies, of new and beautiful designs, at 29c

WASH GOODS.

In Choice Novelties and Exclusive Patterns. A Distinct Individuality of Swell Styles stamps OUR line of WASH FABRICS different from all others.

200 pieces of 36-inch wide Percales, Indigo blue grounds, with white stripes and figures, suitable for house dresses, fast colors, worth 10c a yard; while they last, a yard 7½c

An elegant line of 36-inch Madras, white grounds with neat stripes and small figures, for shirts, shirtwaists and dresses; these goods were made to sell at 25c a yard, but we closed out a lot of 287 pieces from the mill agents, all they had on hand, at a price so as to enable us to sell to you at (a yard) 15c

We have now a completed line of our 32-inch wide Imported Zephyr Ginghams, in hundreds of different styles, in all desirable colorings it is possible to make them in; come at once and look over this popular line, which we are showing at (a yard) 25c

200 different styles in Fine Scotch Madras, 32 inches wide, all stripes, in white and colored grounds, for gent's shirts and ladies' shirtwaists, fine sheer fabric; sold elsewhere at 35c a yard; our price (a yard) 29c

Our lines of Silk Tissues and Silk Ginghams are exquisite and pictures to look at for the colorings, weaves and designs far surpass anything ever attempted before; prices range from (per yard) 35c to 75c

Black Dress Goods.

A notable Combination Sale of Staple Black Goods, carefully selected for this week. Great selling prices quoted have never been reached by any one, and as this week is predestined to be a very busy one in the Department, we solicit early inspection.

\$1.25 Black All-Wool Venetian Cloth,
\$1.25 Black All-Wool Broadcloth,
\$1.15 Black Camel's Hair Zibeline,
\$1.10 Black Skirting Melton,
\$1.25 Black Etamine,
\$1.25 Canvas Cloth,
\$1.00 Black English Brilliantine (very lustrous)—all go at one price 79c

Linens for Easter.

Our latest importation of new and fresh Table Damasks.

To begin with, we will display about 25 pieces 72-inch Bleached, All-linen Reversible Satin Damasks. These goods have a double border and beautiful scarfed center, a brilliant fabric for \$1.75 a yard. To open the season with a boom we will offer them during this sale at (per yard) \$1.25

Another splendid value will be the display of about 40 pieces 72 inch Bleached, All-linen Satin Damask, in marvelous patterns and designs, such goods as you generally pay from \$1.35 to \$1.50 a yard for. These will be put on sale at (per yard) \$1.00

A New Fabric Entirely.

35 pieces 66-inch All-linen Silver Bleached German Damask. These goods are already washed and consequently free from dressing. Very artistically designed. Regular value is \$1.00 a yard; during this sale we offer them at (per yard) 75c

20 pieces 68-inch All-linen Bleached Damask, with satin-finished weave. They come in floral, scroll and polka dot designs. Actual value is \$1.00 a yard—special price during this sale will be (per yard) 75c

Table Sets.

We will offer at this Opening Sale about 25 Pattern Sets, size 2½ yards wide by 3 yards long; all pure satin damask linen, and the designs are polka dot, crabapple blossom, Fleur-de-lis and chrysanthemum. These are sample sets, slightly soiled, and when clean sell for \$12.50 a set, but to make it interesting we offer them at (per set) \$8.75

Napkins.

100 dozen All-Linen Bleached Tea and Dinner Napkins; one lot ¾ size and one lot ¾ size, at (per dozen) \$1.25 and \$1.75

D. CRAWFORD & CO.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

For Holy Week the Castle Square management, with much good taste, has selected Gounod's "Faust" for the opening offering. It is a fact not generally known that many of the noblest passages of "Faust" were originally written for a nuptial mass which Gounod composed to celebrate the wedding of the marriage of Louis Napoleon to the beautiful Eugenie di Montijo. "Faust" will be given on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee with the following strong cast: Faust, Mr. J. F. Sheehan and Mr. M. Delamotta; Mephisto, Francis J. Boyle and Herman DeVries; Valentine, W. Goff, and E. A. Clark; Marguerite, Gertrude Rennyson and Josephine Ludwig; Martha, Maud Ramey; Siebel, Ethel DuFre and Marion Ivell; Wagner, J. P. Coombs. On Monday and Wednesday evening and at the Saturday matinee, "Lucia De Lammermoor." Donizetti's musical setting of Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" will be given, with the following cast: Lucia, Adelaide Norwood; Sir Henry, Winfred Goff; Sir Edgar, Miro Delamotta; Arthur, George Tenney; Bide-of-the-Bent, Francis S. Boyle; Alice, Maud Ramey. On Good Friday evening an interesting novelty is promised in an English production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" with full orchestral accompaniment. The numbers in the "Stabat Mater" are assigned as follows: "Through His Bleeding Side," Mr. Sheehan; "Where's the Cold Heart," Misses Rennyson and DuFre; "His People," Mr. Goff; "Come Sweet Mother," Mr. Boyle and chorus; "Holy Mother," Misses Rennyson and Ivell and Messrs. Sheehan and Goff; "Oh, Endow Me," Miss Ivell; "To Thy Holy Care," Miss Norwood and chorus; "When in Earth," Misses Norwood and DuFre and Messrs. Sheehan and Goff. In addition to Rossini's Catholic masterpiece, the following sacred programme will be rendered: Overture to Robespierre, Chevalier Emanuel and orchestra; Sacred solo, Miss Norwood; "Crucifix," Faure and Francis J. Boyle. Sacred solo, "Holy Mother," Miro Delamotta. "Devine Redeemer," Miss Rennyson and Josephine Ludwig.

Messrs. E. R. Burton and Corney Brookes, two exceptionally clever comedians, will appear at the Columbia Theater, the week of the 24th, in their delightfully entertaining sketch, "A Quiet Evening at the Club." The skit, a refined, "rapid fire" conversational act, has gained for them many well-earned laurels in the East and abroad. The originators of "More Work for the Undertaker," will doubtless be accorded a hearty welcome by their many St. Louis admirers and friends.

Mr. "Nat" C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliot will appear at the Olympic Theater the week of March 24th, when they will be seen in their two greatest American and London successes, "When We Were Twenty-One" and Lucette Ryley's delightful love romance, "An American Citizen." Both performers and productions are too well known in St. Louis to need exploitation.

The Germania Stock Company presented, Sunday evening, Karl Hoffner's play, "Therese Krone," to a large and appreciative audience. Miss Leona Bergere's work was especially effective. Miss Maertens' benefit Wednesday evening, was also well attended. Sunday, March 23rd, the folk play, with songs by Ludwig Auzengruber, "Der Meineidbauer," will be the attraction. Friedrich Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," will be presented Wednesday evening, the occasion Mr. Adolf Telcky's benefit.

"The City Club Burlesquers," at the Standard, this week, are drawing large audiences. The opening and closing burlettas are well mounted and the vaudeville turns sandwiched between are unusually entertaining. Next week, "The Trans-Atlantics."

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Magistrate: "The officer says you were so drunk you couldn't tell him your name."

Culprit: "I was afraid that if I did he would call a cab and send me home to my wife."

CARRIED OUT.

A young married woman who belonged to a society engaged in charitable work, and sometimes had to go out alone after dark, was very much afraid of being stopped and robbed. Her husband bought a punching bag and showed her how to use her fists and where to place the most telling blow in case of molestation.

"Below the belt, mind you, he adjured her, 'below the belt. Such a blow, if properly planted, will make a man sorry he attempted to molest you. If anyone steps out in front of you, your course will be easy; if he comes up behind, swing round suddenly and strike out hard. The robber will repent his evil ways in a hurry."

That night was the lady's late evening, and she happened to be coming up the street just in front of her husband, when he saw her; and the spirit of mischief took possession of him.

"I wonder if she'd really do as I told her, or if her little fists would hurt anyone," he pondered.

Two seconds later he found out. Walking up behind his wife, he laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder. He had not time in which to say anything, and she made no effort in that direction. She simply obeyed his instructions to the letter, swung round with a suddenness which completely disconcerted him, and delivered a blow that made all the rest of his predictions come true.

Then she sped home with the speed and energy of a frightened deer, not even waiting to cast a single glance at the discomfited man who had, as she supposed, endeavored to rob her. She passed the remainder of the evening in alternately weeping out her nervousness upon her husband's shoulder and wondering why he looked so pale.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

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Hackett

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Winston Churchill's

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and Saturday.

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MatineeCAVELLERIA
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GOODWIN,
Miss Maxine
ELLIOTT"An
American
Citizen""When We
Were
Twenty-one"

NEXT WEEK.

Sunday, Tuesday,
Thursday Nights and
Wednesday Matinee,

FAUST

Monday, Wednesday
Nights and
Saturday Matinee,

Lucia



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Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony.Orchestra of SIXTY MUSICIANS, Under the Direction of ALFRED ERNST.
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City Club Burlesquers.

NEXT WEEK.

Trans-Atlantics.

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14th and Locust.

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The Great Folk Play, with Songs.

"DER MEINEIDBAUER."

by Ludwig Auzengruber.

Wednesday, March 26th, Benefit for Adolf
Telcky. Friedrich Schiller's great play,

"KABALE UND LIEBE."

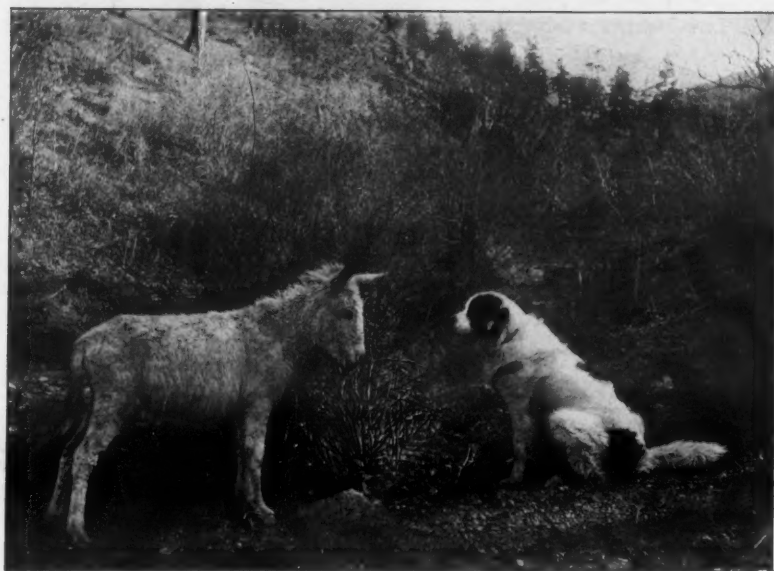
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